YANK

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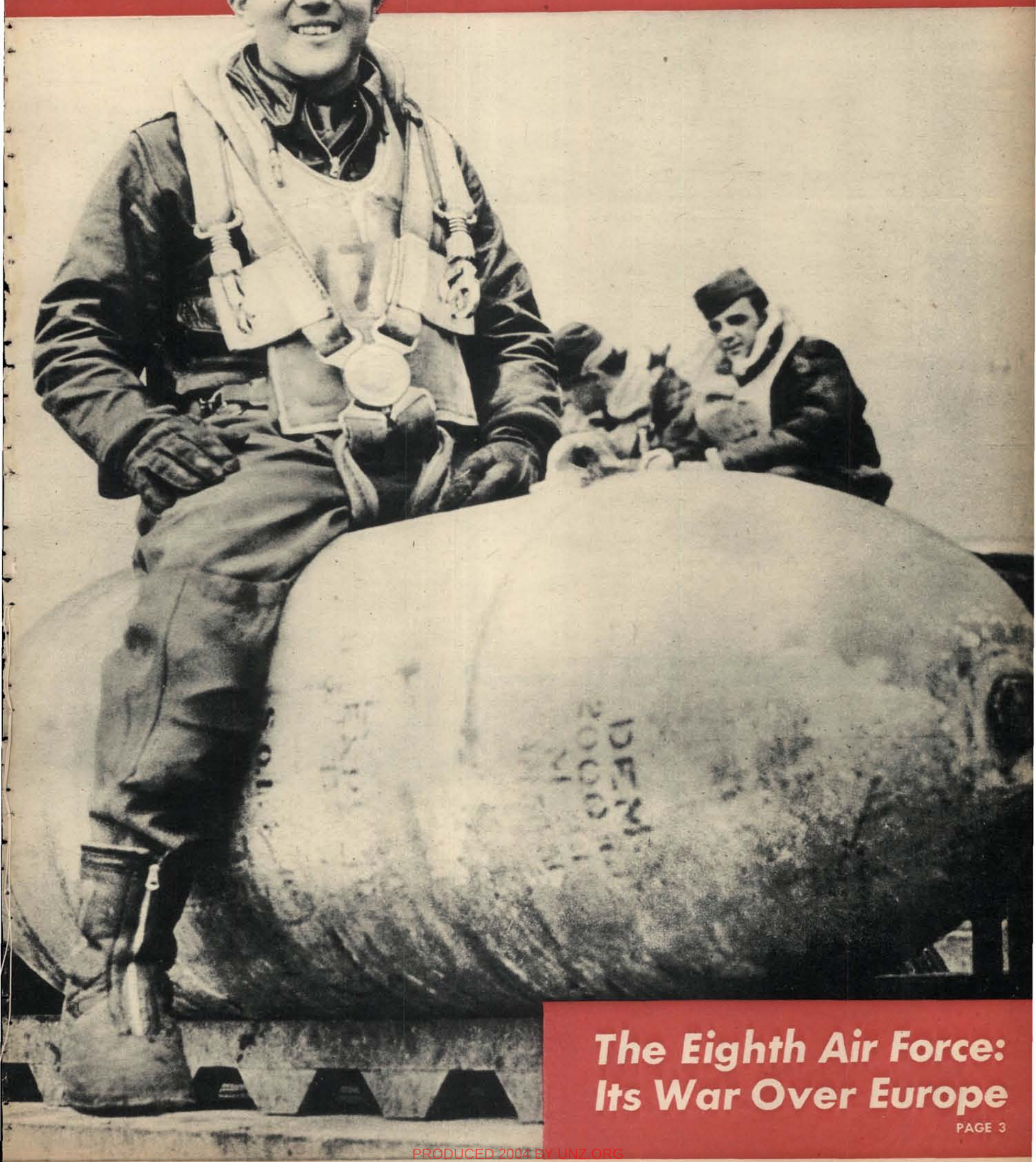
By the men . . for the men in the service



The Eighth Air Force: Its War Over Europe

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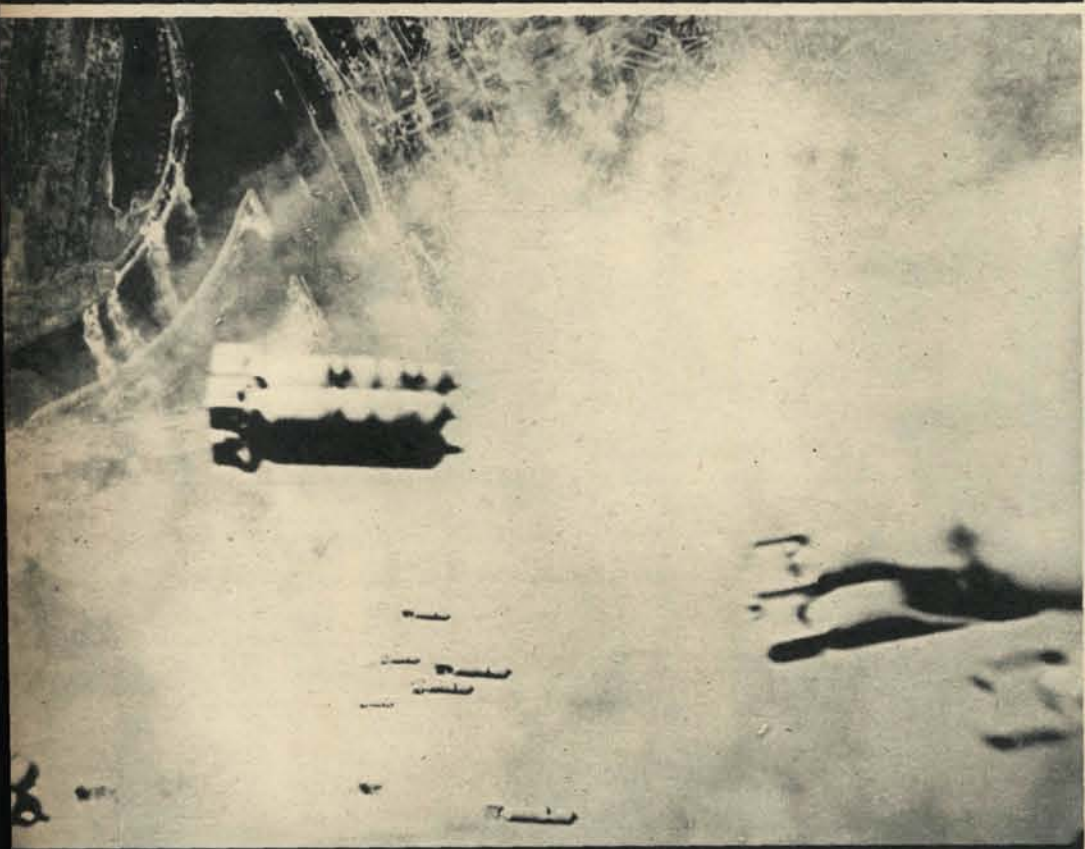
A FLYING FORTRESS DRONES OVER THE TARGET, A SYNTHETIC RUBBER PLANT AT HULS, GERMANY



CLUSTERS OF INCENDIARY BOMBS SPILL OUT ON THE PORT OF HAMBURG, NOW VIRTUALLY DESTROYED

THE TARGET, HAMBURG, SMOKES AFTER PLANES OF THE EIGHTH AIR FORCE GIVE IT A POUNDING

Showing the skeptics that Europe can be bombed in daylight with no fighter protection, our flyers in Britain have made a big contribution to the war.

By Sgt. JACK SCOTT
YANK Staff Correspondent

BRITAIN [By Cable]—Along the flat outline of the sky, a wedge of geese appeared, and the Welsh farmer took off his old hat and flapped it toward the sky. The geese were Flying Fortresses. The farmer knew they couldn't see him, for at that altitude the ground was only a crazy quilt far below, yet he always waved at the big American bombers. It was a gallant gesture to a gallant bunch.

The planes passing over his farm were returning to their home base after a raid on Germany that was more than an attack on the enemy; it was a celebration. This was the anniversary of the Eighth Air Force's first year in the European Theater of Operations.

Just 12 months before, Brig. Gen. Ira C. Eaker, then chief of the Bomber Command of the Eighth Air Force, led the first All-American heavy

FORMATIONS OF B-17S (FLYING FORTRESSES) WINGING OVER A LAND OF CLOUD

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bomber raid against Rouen in occupied France. Today he is a major general and has succeeded Lt. Gen. Carl Spaatz, now in North Africa, as commander of the whole Eighth Air Force.

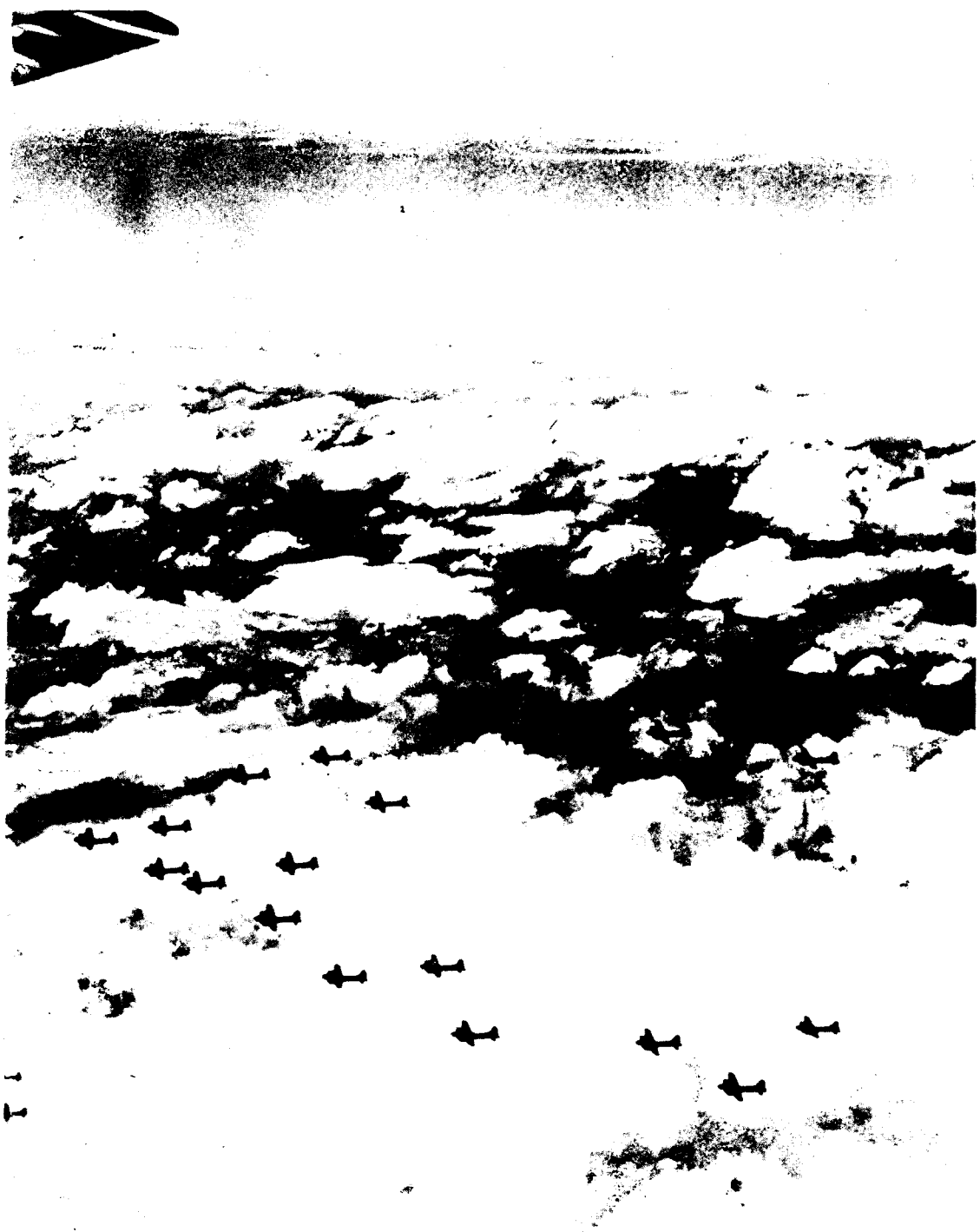
In the first year of operations, the Americans have convinced the British Air Ministry that our bombers can safely and effectively fly by day, while the British raid by night. This new round-the-clock tempo has been stepped up until now scarcely a day passes without the sullen sound of motors droning over the Channel. The big formations of Flying Fortresses have become as common a "skymark" as the British barrage balloons. That tempo was not reached easily or without cost. Many men who carried the big bombs to Germany and occupied Europe have not returned.

The Eighth Air Force's first big test came on Nov. 9, 1942, when the Fortresses were joined by Liberators in a formation 100 bombers strong, which attacked the enemy locomotive works at Lille in France. That raid provided some of the answers to a couple of important questions:

Could the Fortresses operate as fighter-bombers without any fighter escort? Could they hold their own against the armament of the *Luftwaffe's* speedy fighters? They could and did, but it was a job.

In 82 missions completed in the first year of operations, 419 American bombers have failed to return, well under the 5 percent that is considered a safe margin of loss. On the other side of the ledger are the 1,728 enemy fighters definitely destroyed, 671 probably destroyed and 872 damaged. A total of 15,722 tons of bombs has been dropped on 53 different cities in France, Holland, Belgium, Germany and Norway with proven accuracy.

This arithmetic makes sense. The Eighth Air Force has demonstrated that its formations can penetrate



THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY TO BOMB WILHELMSHAVEN AND KIEL—AND INCIDENTALLY, TO DOWN ENEMY FIGHTERS

Sgt. Maynard H. (Snuffy) Smith of Cairo, Ill., Flying Fortress gunner, who was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor by Secretary of War Stimson for saving his ship and crew.

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Germany by day, that its combat crews can destroy their objectives by an accurate concentration of bombs from a high altitude and that they can defend themselves against fighter opposition.

When the Forts began to claim enormous bags of enemy fighters on every mission, the British were inclined to doubt the figures, dividing them by three, since their system was to credit a gunner with a definite "kill" only when three men actually saw an enemy plane destroyed or shot down. It didn't seem logical that Fortresses, which were primarily bombers, would be so successful as fighters, too. But today the British confirm the American figures.

In the year of operations there have been many developments in the Flying Fortresses. The original B-17C, a seven-gun model, has been withdrawn from operations over the continent. The Royal Air Force tested the ship over Brest, France, and in the running battle when the German pocket battleships *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* escaped up the English Channel. The B-17C's lack of success was largely the fault of its armament: all seven guns were .30-caliber and there was no tail gun at all. Later the RAF used this model on Norwegian raids and then transferred it to the Coastal Command, where speed and heavy armament are not all-essential.

The lessons learned with the B-17C were used to developed the B-17E and later the B-17F, both wonderful ships with tremendous fire power and absolutely no blind spots. Many changes were included in these models—power turrets have been added, there are 13 guns instead of seven, and the engine and design have been modified.

Among other possible changes is the discarding of all paint on the big bombers. Without paint, the speed of a ship would be increased perhaps 10 to 15 miles an hour, and the bomber's glitter in the sun would make it a difficult target for Jerry fighters.

THE name "Fort" has taken on a special significance, and any great plane with a white star and four motors is immediately called a Flying Fortress—by everyone except the boys who fly them. But our Eighth Air Force is not made up entirely of Fortresses. On almost every raid there have been Liberators (Consolidated B-24s) and Marauders (Martin B-26s).

At first the Eighth Air Force did not know exactly how to use the Marauder, nicknamed the "Flying Prostitute" because, with its short stubby wings, it has no visible means of support. The two-motored, heavily armed bomber was tried out in low-level attacks, but great losses in aircraft and crews proved that this was an error. Now the Flying Prostitute is used at a little higher level and with a new technique. She has lived through her experimental phase and is going places, four or five times a week.

So are the men of the Eighth. Many of them have set new marks of courage. The story of S/Sgt. Maynard (Snuffy) Smith of Caro, Mich., the little ball turret gunner who was yanked off KP here to receive the Congressional Medal of Honor from Secretary of War Stimson, was one of the most colorful episodes of the war. Snuffy doesn't look like a hero but he behaved like one on his first raid last May.

Snuffy's Fortress was heading out to sea after an attack on the U-boat base of Saint Nazaire, France, when it was engaged by a great number of Focke-Wulfs. There was an explosion inside the plane, and soon the radio control room and the tail section were blazing wildly. Snuffy wrapped his hand in a sweater, seized a fire extinguisher and dove into the flames.

He gave first aid to the wounded tail gunner, helped the left waist gunner to bail out and took time off to man the right and left waist guns against attacks by a swarm of Focke-Wulfs. When all the fire-extinguisher fluid was exhausted, Snuffy urinated on the fire and beat out the flames with his feet.

The crew members of *Old Bill*, the Fortress piloted by Capt. William D. Whitson of Denton, Tex., are among the most decorated bunch of flyers in the Air Forces. They have won eight Silver Stars, two DSCs and seven Purple Hearts. The crew of *Shoot Luke*, a Liberator, has earned four Silver Stars, five DFCs, three DSCs, seven Purple Hearts and a pile of Air Medals.

Sam Junkin of Natchez, Miss., who served with the RAF and later became the first member of the Eighth Air Force to shoot down a Nazi plane, is another who has distinguished himself. But not all have come out as lucky as Snuffy, Sam and the crews of *Old Bill* and *Shoot Luke*.

There were the Mathis brothers of San Angelo, Tex. Jack was killed while he was kneeling over the bombsight in the lead ship of a formation attacking shipyards at Vegesack, Germany. He died before his bombs hit the ground. Mark Mathis, avenging Jack's death, took part in three raids against the enemy as bombardier on the same ship. He was reported missing after an attack on Kiel, his fourth mission.

Members of the ground crews, most of whose work goes unsung, have also won distinction. Pvt. Adam E. Gross of Chicago, Ill., was the first to volunteer to carry away a number of delayed-action bombs, dropped by the *Luftwaffe* on an American airfield in Britain. Pfc. Carmen D'Amanti rushed into a burning bomber on another field and pulled out a number of unconscious men, ignoring the danger of a probable gasoline explosion.

Facing death almost every day, as many of the Eighth Air Force do, they have become quite religious. Many who hadn't been to church since their early teens now attend regularly. Others have acquired a sense of humor that seems typical of men in dangerous undertakings. They will joke about everything and everybody. Many a Fortress has gone out of its way to help out a sister ship, but when the men return, they kid each other. "We only wanted to save your bunch till pay day. You guys owe us too much money."

Not all the power of the Eighth Air Force comes from bombers. The P-47 Thunderbolts are supplementing the British Spitfires as fighter escorts, meeting the Fortresses somewhere over the Channel and accompanying them across and back. They are not, of course, able to follow the bombers on the deeper raids.

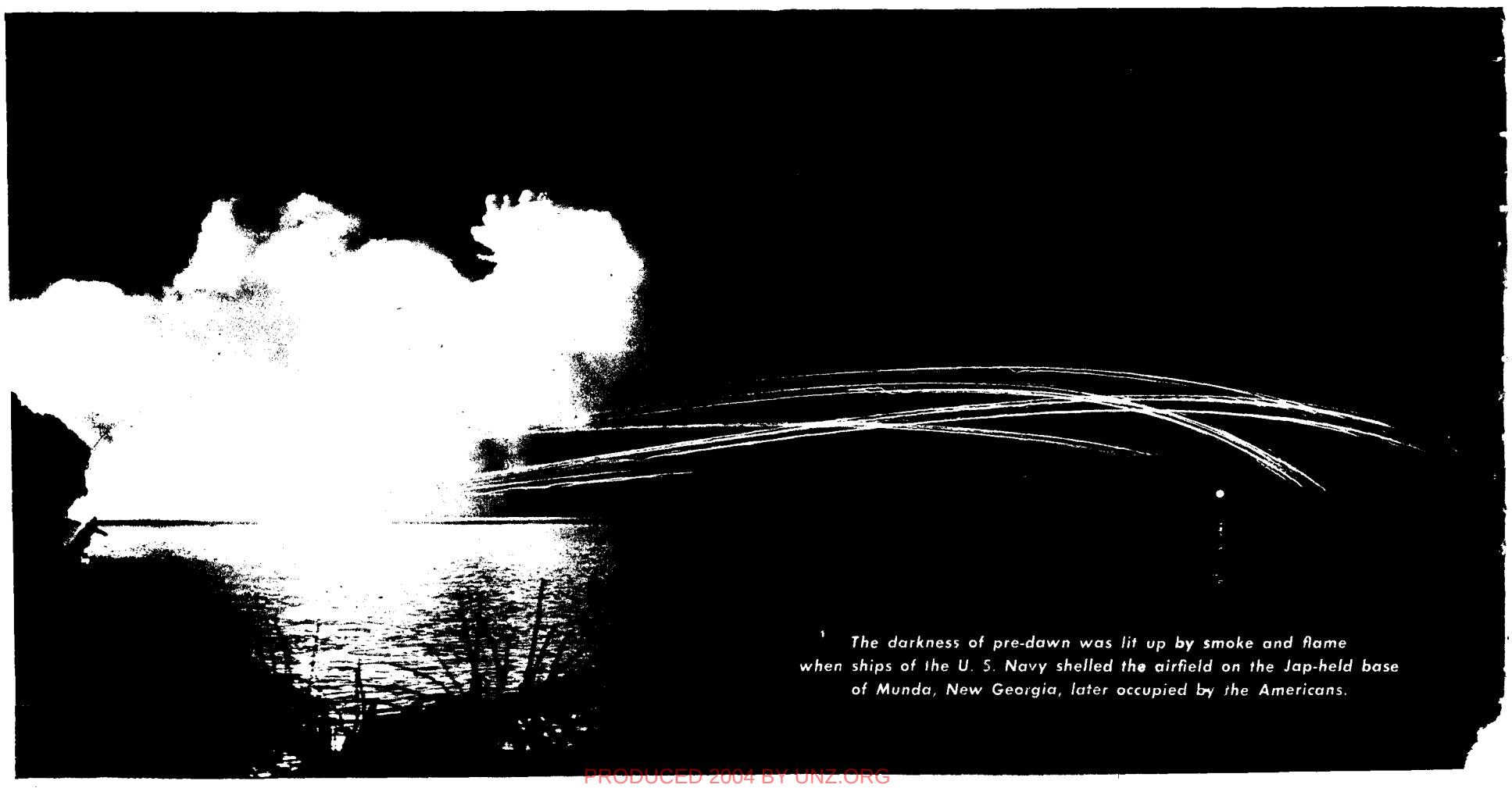
WHEN the first Thunderbolts arrived in this theater, they bore tags on their instrument panels reading, "Please do not fly this ship faster than 427 miles an hour." That was no idle boast; the ships were that fast and faster, though just how fast nobody seems to know, or at any rate nobody is saying.

Many of the P-47 boys in the Eighth Air Force are veterans of the early campaigns in the Pacific, and they would rather fight the Japs, but to a man they call this the hottest aerial theater in the world. "You go out and you get it or you don't" is the motto by which they live. They go out and they do come back. We have lost some P-47s, but the number is minor, and that record is to the credit not only of superior ships but of superior pilots.

Our pilots took the Thunderbolt when it was full of bugs, and they killed those bugs. They killed a few of themselves, too, but they developed the P-47 into one of the finest fighters of them all. In the comparatively short time it has been in action, the Thunderbolt has become a legend, and so have its pilots.

From the British, who have been fighting an air war for four years, has come recognition of the achievements of the Eighth Air Force. Compared with our British allies, we are still recruits in this business of bombing Europe but we are learning and learning the hard way.

The Eighth Air Force was too busy fighting to bother about celebrating its first anniversary with a party. The flyers didn't tell the pretty English girls what wonderful guys they were, they didn't go out and quaff a lot of brew. They took a ride across to Germany and bombed hell out of several important targets. They destroyed more than 40 German fighter planes, and when they came down from upstairs, from the fatiguing 20,000-foot altitude and the 40-below-zero cold, they ate a hearty meal and went to bed. They were tired, and they celebrated by resting up for tomorrow's raid.



The darkness of pre-dawn was lit up by smoke and flame when ships of the U. S. Navy shelled the airfield on the Jap-held base of Munda, New Georgia, later occupied by the Americans.

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NAZIS DON'T LIKE GOUMS

These pigtailed French Moroccan boys don't particularly care for C rations because they would rather use their bayonets to open Germans and Italians. Tin cans make the blades dull.

By Sgt. RALPH G. MARTIN
YANK Field Correspondent

PHOTOGRAPH: GOUM SHARPENS AN AMERICAN BAYONET. HIS RIFLE IS ALSO AMERICAN; HIS HELMET, FRENCH.

WITH U. S. FORCES IN NORTHEASTERN SICILY [By Cable] — "Those Goums don't fight fair," an English-speaking German prisoner complained. "They're crazy."

Be that as it may, these French Moroccan native troops took hill after hill here in Sicily, bringing back hundreds of German prisoners and leaving behind many more Jerries quite dead.

All the Goums have an intimate knowledge of French light machine guns, the American tommy gun and the 81-mm mortar. But give them a bayonet and a bunch of grenades, and they'll charge any position anywhere.

They were the first to see action in this northeastern pocket of hills, on the flank of U. S. troops. Their objectives were twin hills, held by two companies of well-entrenched Germans, just outside Mistretta.

The Goums took up their positions in the night, climbed the hill as quietly as mountain goats, heaved several dozen well-aimed grenades and made a "cold steel" attack. When the Moroccans were within 50 yards of the top, the Jerries opened up with machine guns. Instead of falling flat on their faces and hunting for cover, the Goums rushed straight in for hand-to-hand fighting. They drew their 10-inch knives, known as *koumias,* which are used to cut off heads. Once this was a popular weapon with the Goum; now he only uses it when he gets very, very mad. That sometimes happens, as it did on this night, and that is why these big black boys rank so high on the Nazi list of "people we wouldn't want to be with on a desert island."

The Germans definitely don't like the Goums. As for the Italians, they're scared to death of them. In the Mateur and Bizerte sectors, where the Goums were attached to the Ninth Division, three Italian companies surrendered en masse as soon as they heard that the guys in front of them were Goums.

Unlike the Gurkhas, British Indian native troops who look like a bunch of kids but aren't, the Goums look and act as tough as they really are. And they really are tough. Back in 1912, when French troops came to Morocco and overwhelmed the place, the Goums still had very primitive ideas about fighting, torturing and killing. They were just as ready to cut off somebody's head as to tell him "Good morning."

After the French took over and tamed the Goums a little, these native soldiers were absorbed into the French fighting forces but kept as separate units. They were organized into *tabors,* which are the approximate equivalent of our battalions, consisting of four companies with 200 Goums to a company.

Most of these native soldiers have crinkly hair, close-cropped except for a plaited pigtail. The pigtail is worn, the Goums say, so that the Lord will have something to grab hold of when He yanks them up to paradise.

The Goums, who follow the religion of Mohammed, are of Berber origin. The Berbers, not the Arabs, were the original natives of North Africa. Practically all of the Goums wear beards, because they believe that a man who hasn't seen action and has no beard is no man at all.

That was the explanation offered by 1st Lt. Bistos Hubert, the Goums' commanding officer. Hubert has been with the Goums for three years. Before that, he served with the Spahis, the French North African native cavalrymen with the red caps and the Technicolor-conscious uniforms.

"These Goums are the best fighters I've seen anywhere," the lieutenant said. "They just don't know when to quit." Besides the commanding officer, each Goum company has one other French officer and 10 French noncoms. In addition, the Goums have their own native sergeants.

They all eat the same food now—C rations—which they don't particularly like. The Goums would prefer a steady diet of bread and green tea, the national dish.

Attached to every *tabor* of Goums is a cavalry unit, in which each man owns his own horse. This unit is employed strictly for reconnaissance, since all Goums fight on foot. Several scores of mules are also attached to each section, to carry ammunition over terrain where even jeeps can't go.

The Goums, though, are crazy about jeeps. It is a terribly funny picture to see one of the Goums, wearing his wool-sack uniform, tearing along in a jeep with his pigtail streaming in the wind.

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Dressed in camouflaged suits, Marines pay tribute to comrades lost in action at Viru Harbor, New Georgia.

The Sergeant and His Adam's Apple Start a Sensation in China

By Sgt. MARION HARGROVE
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN CHINA—Their post is hundreds of miles off any beaten track, and they don't see even an American plane more than once a month or so. There's only a handful of them, with three or four officers. Neither the town nor the hostel offers anything in the way of amusement. There's no radio, no newspapers, not even an occasional GI movie.

"What do you do for entertainment around here, besides wearing out that checkerboard over there?" I asked.

A corporal replied: "We get along. We go shopping in the evenings."

"And we 'make face' with the Chinese," said a sergeant.

This sounding intriguing in a dull sort of way, and since the corporal intended to go to town that night in search of a package of envelopes he had no hope of finding, I decided to tag along.

We passed a couple of Chinese theaters and stopped to see what pictures were showing. There was a double feature at one house—an ancient film starring Jessie Matthews, the British actress, and "The Return of the Cisko Kid." All three of us had seen both of them in better days. The other theater advertised a gripping Chinese drama with some appetizing stills.

"We might see the Jessie Matthews picture and the 'Cisko Kid'," I suggested, but the corporal and sergeant both turned thumbs down. "You wouldn't hear the thing," they explained. "The pictures probably have Chinese subtitles, and when you get a whole house full of the townspeople reading the subtitles aloud to each other, you wouldn't be able to hear even the fire siren."

The only thing left was to go in search of the nonexistent envelopes and attend to the little matter of "face making."

The corporal explained that his command of the Mandarin language was extensive, so he did all the talking. At the first shop we entered there were a number of Chinese envelopes, the kind with the bright red rectangle for the address. After the usual greeting—"*Hao pu hao,*" which literally means "good not good" and passes for "How are you?"—the corporal started his palaver by pointing to the envelopes.

"*En lai kan kan,*" he said. This is very good Mandarin and means "Pick up bring see see." The shopkeeper picked up brought see see. The corporal looked sadly at the envelopes and shook his head. "*Ni yu mei yu mel-kua—?*" he said. This was all right as far as it went; it meant "Haven't you got any American—?" but he got stuck when he came to the word for envelopes.

"That," said the corporal, "is a helluva note."

While all this was going on, accompanied by urgent gestures by the corporal, the sergeant was busy outside "making face" with the Chinese. By this time there were about 50 village children staring and giggling at him.

"*Ni kan ni kan,*" said the sergeant, expressing in beautiful Mandarin the command, "You see, you see." The sergeant pointed to his throat, from which protruded a large but decorous Adam's apple. The children gawked attentively and the sergeant swallowed hard, with a loud and musical gulp. His Adam's apple slid gracefully down his throat and rose majestically again, to await a repeat performance.

The children gasped and burst into roars of wonderment and joy. The performing larynx moved beautifully up and down, making a tuneful gulp with each downward glide, and the children grew tense with excitement. Several of them tried to do the trick themselves but, not having Adam's apples, were unsuccessful.

Now the corporal emerged from the shop, looked with solemn severity over the crowd, and began to wave his finger at child after child as he chanted the mystic phrase: "Meeny, meeny, tipsy teeny." Then, with great dignity, "Applejack and Johnny Sweeney. Have a peach, have a plum, have a stick of chewing gum!" The corporal's finger flew at a frightened little Chinese face and the other children shrieked with relief and enjoyment. The corporal swung toward them once more. "O-U-T spells out and out you go, you dirty old dishrag, you!"

The sergeant opened his umbrella and pushed it gently through the crowd, which now numbered at least 150 children and a few scattered adults. We headed down the street and the crowd fell in behind us like a parade. The sergeant began to swing the umbrella the way a drum major twirls his baton, to the immense delight of the children, their parents and a couple of white foreigners who applauded loudly. Away we went.

At the next shop, the sergeant inquired for envelopes, while the corporal "made face" with the townspeople. This time he changed his routine by hotly winking one eye, which is apparently impossible for the Chinese to do, and by wiggling his eyebrows rather furiously.

The crowd had swelled to 225 as we headed for the river. They left us at the bridge, and we entered a tea boat for refreshments. "I've heard a lot about 'making face'," I said over our third cup of tea. "Is that what it is?"

"That's all there is to it," said the corporal. This was a crock of extremely erroneous information.

"You know," said the sergeant, "I've been out here only three months, but they say after you've been here a year or so, you start turning a little whacky." The corporal answered, "That's all imagination. Like as not, China won't have any effect one way or another on either of us."

"No," I said rather weakly, "not a chance." I got the hell out of there the next day.

This Week's Cover

SYMBOLIC of the ever-growing strength of America's Eighth Air Force in Britain is the 2,000-pound demolition bomb straddled by Bombardier Stanley R. Stedt of Stockholm, Md. Both Stedt and the bomb took off in a Flying Fortress for a visit to German industrial areas.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover—WW. 2 & 3—Left (top to bottom): INP, Acme, INP; center, INP; right, Signal Corps. 4—Signal Corps. 5—Signal Corps. 6—USMC. 8 & 9—Netherlands Information Bureau. 10—Upper left, Signal Corps; upper right, PA; lower left, Sgt. Pete Paris; lower right, OWI. 12—Top and lower right, Signal Corps, PCD; lower left and center, Pvt. Frank Tywan. 13—Sgt. Bob Ghio. 18—Upper right, PRO, Camp Santa Anita, Calif.; center right & lower left, Sgt. John Frano; lower right, AAF, Wendover Field, Utah. 19—Upper right and lower left, Sgt. Dillon Ferris; center right, 165th Signal Photo Co.; lower center, INP; lower right, Signal Corps, Camp Edwards, Mass. 20—Warner Bros. 21—MGM. 23—Upper, PA; lower left, Acme.

GI Radioman Pulls a Jap's Leg, Or Maybe the Colonel Is Pulling Ours

SOMEWHERE IN ALASKA—An Army colonel here credits a Yank radio operator with pulling the leg of the Japanese on Kiska, several months before the evacuation of that Aleutian base.

This radio operator, the colonel says, knew the Japanese language, and he practiced for months to imitate the sending peculiarities of a Domei (Tokyo news agency) operator who relayed daily news to the Nip garrison on Kiska.

One evening, as the Domei sender was almost through tapping out the good news from Tokyo, the American radio operator jammed the program so that Kiska did not hear Tokyo sign off. Then, imitating the Tokyo style of sending, the American continued:

"Domei News deeply regrets that Admiral Yamamoto is discredited in imperial circles because he has lost so many valuable ships. The defeat of our naval forces at Coral Sea, Midway and in the Solomons has saddened the imperial household."

The Kiska operator, in precise Morse, acknowledged: "Thank you, Domei, for the excellent news. This is Radio Kiska signing off. Good night."

At least, that's the colonel's story, and he's sticking to it.

—Coast Guard Lookout

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FANCY MAIL FROM A SOUTH PACIFIC APO

The postman at Cadieux Road in Detroit wishes he had a few more customers like Mrs. Frank L. Mack. Every letter she gets from her husband wears a brightly colored cartoon on the envelope. He started these mail murals when he was training with the AAF in California and now he's still going strong at a bomber base in the South Pacific.

Those MPs in the Persian Gulf Are Remarkable Guys, Yea Verily

PERSIAN GULF SERVICE COMMAND—It happened in Iran. It actually happened. I seen it.

It was about 8 o'clock in the evening. The streets were crowded with sauntering uniforms, Iranian, British, Russian and American, and street urchins were shouting "*Buckshee*, Johnny" and "*Dailinoose*" and "*Moscowski Telegramma*."

A sergeant, weary and with a three-day beard, shuffled out of a restaurant. He had on a soiled field jacket and a knitted cap. The MP passing by wheeled around and gave him a sharp look.

"Excuse me, sergeant," the MP said, "but we wish you wouldn't wear a field jacket in town in the evening."

The sergeant started to mumble a surly response.

"Now don't apologize," the MP said.

"Ah-ah," thought the sergeant, "here it comes."

"I know just how it is," the MP continued. "Hurried you were and tired, no doubt. Just try to look out for it in the future, won't you? You see, officers notice it and they come to us. Be surprised how much of a bother some of those officers are. Just try to remember the blouse for town after this, will you, sergeant? Good night." And the MP walked off.

The sergeant stood for a minute shaking the cobwebs out of his head. When he got under way again, he was talking to himself in a low amazed voice. The only phrase you could hear was: "Just for that, I think I will wear a blouse next bender!"

—Sgt. AL HINE
YANK Staff Correspondent

In Next Week's YANK . . .

FIJI COMMANDOS

These South Sea native guerrilla troops, who operate under New Zealand officers and noncoms, proved at Guadalcanal that they are probably the best jungle fighters battling the Japanese on the South Pacific front.

Here Is One Place a Private Can Tell a Major Where To Get Off

PEARL HARBOR, HAWAII—Eight Marine Corps privates are teaching combat tactics to members of the U. S. Army's Ranger Battalion, with majors and captains among their pupils at Schofield Barracks.

All graduates of the Marine Corps' own school of combat conditioning at Camp Pendleton, Calif., the marines give classes in the bayonet, combat swimming, the knife, stick fighting and the Reising gun, a weapon new to the Rangers.

The marine instructors are Pvts. June Coghlan of Bogue Chitto, Miss.; Leon Wier of Memphis, Tenn.; Warren Harris of Missoula, Mont.; James Carlos of Mount Clemens, Mich.; Byron Henry of Winamac, Ind.; Michael Geraghty of St. Paul, Minn.; Duke Drakulich of Kimberly, Nev., and Louis Nagy of Detroit, Mich.

Commissioned officers studying at the Ranger School wear no insignia of rank during the course, so the marine privates can boss them around without fear of consequences.

—Sgt. GENE WARD
Marine Corps Correspondent

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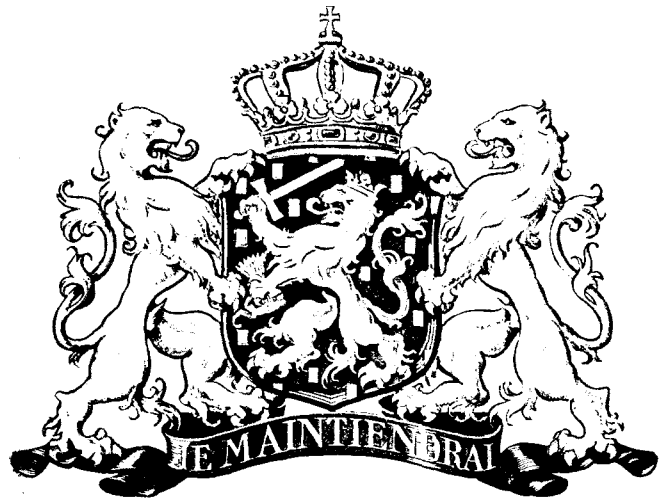


The New

Some are scattered with the Allies all over the world but most of them wait with the Princess Irene Brigade in England for the day they'll smash toward home.

By Pvt. ALBERT ORBAAN

A former correspondent for Aneta, the Dutch news agency, and the Netherlands Information Bureau, now training with the Corps of Engineers at Camp Breckinridge, Ky.

TEN miles from home, with a pocketful of nickels and a pay phone right across the street. That's the sweet spot a Dutch Commando named Jans found himself in recently during an across-the-channel raid against the Nazis who have overrun his native land—only they weren't nickels but coins called *dubbeltjen.*

Jans is neither dumb nor timid. He had shot up his share of German installations for the day and he figured that he had a few minutes to spare before catching the raiding party's boat back to England, so he hopped over to the phone and tried to dial his folks' number.

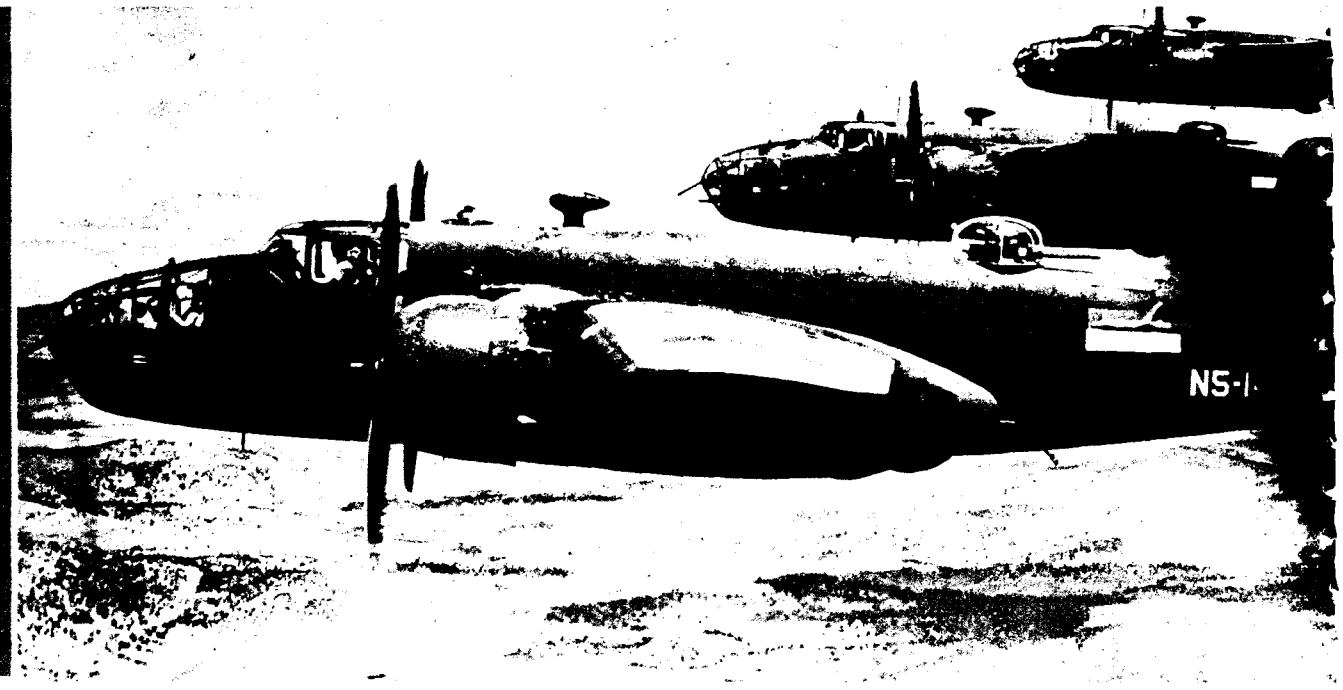
But no go. During Jans' absence from home, the Nazis had confiscated all Dutch coins, substituted German ones of different size and changed all pay-phone slots accordingly. Jans' *dubbeltjen* wouldn't fit and his fondness for Adolf Hitler hit an all-time low.

Which is pretty damn low. There's probably no better bunch of Hitler haters in the world than Jans and the thousands of boys who serve with him in the Princess Irene Brigade, more often known as the Netherlands Brigade or just the Dutch Brigade, which is now in training in its own camp in the Midlands of England. They'll never forget the reckless way in which Hitler sacked their country three years ago last May. With these Dutch soldiers, who have pitched into the fight at the call to arms of their Queen Wilhelmina, it's a grim case of so near and yet so far. For they are nearer their homes now than a lot of GIs are when they're still at the induction center in the U. S., and yet they haven't a hope of seeing Mom and Pop or the girl friend again until the Nazis are driven back over the boundaries of Germany itself.

The Dutch Brigade is probably an even more cosmopolitan outfit than that famous old catch-all of fighting men, the French Foreign Legion. The Dutch have always been a people whose business interests took them abroad in large numbers, but now that their country is in a jam, thousands of them have come back home—or as near home as they can get at the moment—to join the fight. At least 25 languages are spoken in the brigade's camp, where the men have rigged up a Dutch windmill to remind them of their homeland. Some of the men who before the war lived in Holland had to travel the farthest to report for duty. Unable to escape across the English Channel, they fled to Finland, and went on from there across Russia, the Pacific, the U. S. and the Atlantic to reach England.

Officially named after Princess Irene, a granddaughter of Queen Wilhelmina, the brigade is now the biggest Dutch Army contingent in the world and its men, operating as a distinct Dutch Army within the framework of combined forces, fully expect to form one of the many spearheads which will be necessary for the successful in-

Becoming skilled in the art of camouflage during maneuvers staged by the Dutch Brigade in Britain.



These are "Flying Dutchmen" somewhere over Australia. They've been helping plenty in the war against the Japs.

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Dutch Soldier

vasion of the continent. They have yet to see action as a group, but plenty of them, like that fellow Jans, have carried out Commando raids against the *rotmoffen*, or rotten Huns, as they call the Nazis.

The outfit was organized after Germany invaded Holland, when the Dutch began calling up men of military age from all parts of the world. (At present Dutchmen born between the years

Allies: In Australia a Dutch flyer points to his mute mascot, the famous American cartoon figure Popeye.

of 1903 and 1925 are liable for military service in the unit.) The brigade is mechanized and is well equipped with tanks, Bren gun carriers, armored cars, half-tracks, trucks and motorcycles. The equipment is supplied by the British but paid for—as Dutch soldiers are quick to point out—in full and in cash by the Netherlands Government.

The training these Dutch soldiers get is similar to that given to British troops and so are the uniforms they wear. It's not hard to distinguish members of the brigade, though. All orders are, of course, given in Dutch (*op de plaats rust*, for example, means "at ease") and each soldier wears the orange lion of the Netherlands on both shoulders and on his cap. Dutch soldiers who come from South Africa also wear a *springbok* (small deer) emblem and those from Canada a maple leaf. Men from the U. S. wear a maple leaf, too, because the basic-training camp for them and Canadians alike is in Canada—at Guelph, Ontario. Hollanders in the U. S. may join the American armed forces if they prefer.

The Dutch soldier loves potatoes and at the brigade's camp he gets plenty of them, all the peeling being done by one of those goldbricker's gadgets which spin the spuds around until they look like cakes of soap. The chowhound's favorite dish, however, is a hot pea soup flavored with pigs' knuckles. No one gets extra KP for snafuing — not even the dumbest "turk," which is the Dutch sergeant's pet expression for an eight ball. Restricted to barracks (*patoet*) or weekend sentry duty (*wachie kloppen*) is the usual lot of the transgressor.

The boys get the usual day off every week and a two-day pass every fortnight. There's a town nearby, but most of them seem to prefer to hang around camp, which has plenty of recreation halls, a library and a stage and movie theater. There's a camp choir and an army band, which is well known all over England, and a weekly paper called *De Kampklok*, which means just what it sounds like. There are also two large canteens, one dry and the other selling beer. A Dutch soldier who samples the wares of the latter in moderation becomes *aangeschoten*, or buzzed. If he hangs around all evening he's likely to get *lazarus*, or stinko, and will be lucky if he gets off with mere *wachie kloppen* that week end.

A lot of the men put in for officers' training and those who are accepted from the infantry get the break of going to Sandhurst, which is the British equivalent of West Point. It's a pretty good break, too, as they are the first foreigners ever allowed to enter that famous institution. Officer candidates in other branches of the service are trained elsewhere in England. Dutch officers carry orange lanyards and wear the insignia of their rank on their lapels. Three stars means only a captain, so don't faint. The old man is the *hooge oome*.

In addition to the Dutch Commandos, many other members of the brigade have already seen active duty as gunners in uniform on merchant ships—risky work for which only volunteers are taken. And, of course, no account, however brief, of the Dutch as fighters would be adequate without mention of the "Flying Dutchmen," members of the Netherlands Air Force, who for well over a year now have been hammering with terribly telling results at Japs and Nazis alike.

Op de plaats rust, men.

In Canada, too, the Netherlanders train for the fight against the Axis. These men are charging directly at the camera during vigorous bayonet practice.

After watching the Dutch Army in England hold maneuvers, Ambassador Biddle enjoys refreshments with the troops. They wear British battle dress.

In Australia, 10 members of a Netherlands bomber squadron are decorated.

In England, attentive Netherlanders learn about the sub-machine gun.

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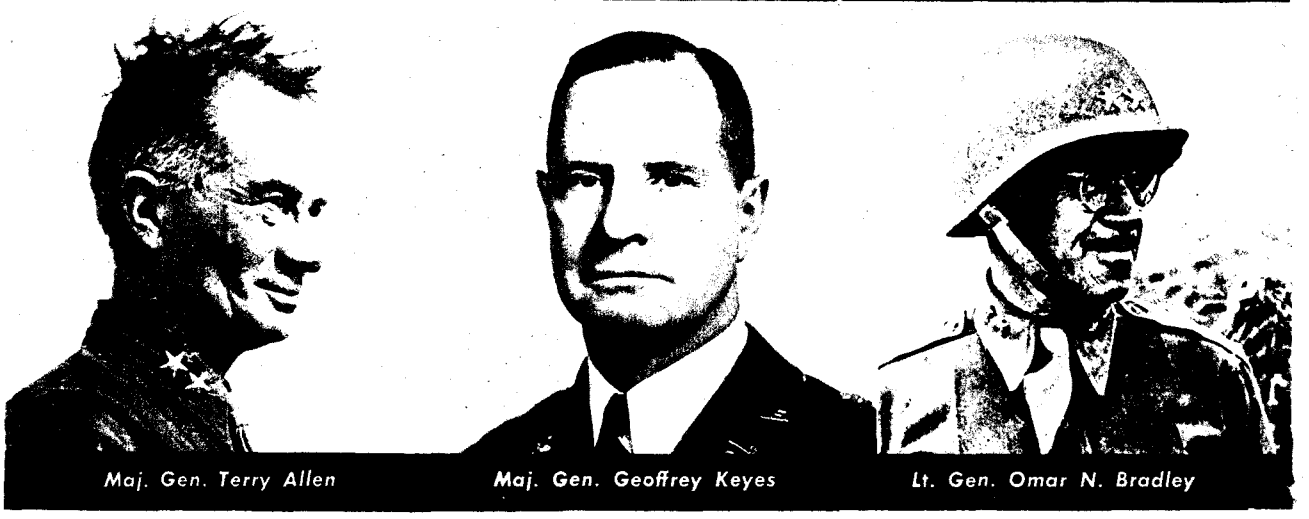
Here's a Report on the Fighting Of Each U.S. Division in Sicily

The "Fightin' 1st" veterans from Tunisia distinguished themselves again while others, new to battle, took the campaign in stride.

Lt. Gen. George S. Patton Jr. — Maj. Gen. Lucian K. Truscott and Lt. Col. William O. Darby



Maj. Gen. Terry Allen — Maj. Gen. Geoffrey Keyes — Lt. Gen. Omar N. Bradley

"WHAT kind of battles did the 45th Division fight? I used to know some of those guys when we were at Pine Camp last summer."

"Before I got into this training cadre, I was with the 16th Infantry. What did they do over there against the Germans?"

These are the questions that the average soldier asks about the Sicilian campaign. We couldn't get the answers from news reports while the fighting was going on because censorship didn't allow the correspondents to name specific units engaged in most of the battles.

Everyone knows now that the American Seventh Army did our fighting in Sicily alongside the British Eighth Army. Commanded by Lt. Gen. George S. Patton Jr., it consisted of six divisions organized into two corps, one under Lt. Gen. Omar N. Bradley and the other under Maj. Gen. Geoffrey Keyes. Here is an account of what each of those six divisions did during the 39-day campaign—gathered by YANK correspondents who covered the action and from other sources. It is as complete a Who's Who of the American forces in the Sicily campaign as we can publish now. A lot of the play-by-play details are still restricted military information, of course, and will probably remain that way until the end of the war.

The map shows clearly the course of battle and the principal routes of invasion followed by each of the American divisions. There were many offshoots from the main invasion routes, as units of the divisions mopped up bypassed areas en route, but only the main invasion routes are indicated. The British and Canadian operations, also shown on the map, were in many respects more important than our own and often even merged with them, but in this summary we are concerned only with the American divisions which YANK readers know.

The first Americans to land on Sicily, after seven days of "saturation" bombing by Allied air fleets and heavy shelling by men-of-war, were the troops of the 82d Airborne Division, pioneer American airborne outfit and without battle experience. The airborne infantry and paratroopers of the 82d, carried to Sicily in giant C-47s and gliders late in the night of July 9, were blown off their course by buffeting winds and landed in scattered groups over an area perhaps 40 to 50 miles wide.

After cutting enemy communications and disorganizing rear installations far inland along a line running roughly from Licata to Vittoria, the paratroopers and airborne infantry re-formed into a solid division. In these operations, separate combat teams mopped up several Sicilian towns, including strategic Vittoria, just north of Scoglitti on the southeast seacoast. One tough 82d detachment was charged by Italian horse cavalry but broke the charge with tommy guns. In a continuous drive along the southern coast, the 82d swept headlong to Campobello and Marsala and seized Trapani on July 25, fanning out from the city to wipe up surrounding areas.

A few hours after the 82d descended from the sky, the Rangers, under Lt. Col. William O. Darby, came ashore on the beach at Gela as a shock battalion, paving the way for the main American seaborne invasion force, which landed early on July 10 through waters whipped up dangerously by an unexpected squall.

This main invasion force hit the Sicilian beaches in a three-pronged drive. The 1st Division waded ashore behind the Rangers at Gela. Its right flank was covered by the landing of the 45th Division at Scoglitti. The left flank was protected at first by the 3d Division landing at Licata and later by the 2d Armored Division, which apparently rolled its tanks and half-tracks out of the boats somewhere between Licata and Gela. Meanwhile, the Rangers were already fighting inland ahead of the 1st Division, veering to the westward out of the line of the 1st's advance. Within 10 days, they took Porto Empedocle and moved swiftly along the southwest shore.

The "Fightin' 1st," under Maj. Gen. Terry Allen, fought one of the bitterest battles of the campaign at the very beginning. Hampered by a lack of tanks, Allen's men were quickly thrown back to the Gela beaches by strong German counterattacks. Aided by airborne troops, but mostly through its own resolute fighting, the 1st Divi-

These American Divisions Were in Action at Sicily

1st Division trained at Fort Devens, Mass. It was the first U. S. division to go into action in 1917, one of the first to land in North Africa and fight in Tunisia.

2d Armored Division got its first real taste of action in Sicily. It used to be Lt. Gen. Patton's old outfit at Fort Benning, Ga., in the days before Pearl Harbor.

3d Division distinguished itself at the Marne in 1918. It saw limited action in Morocco last fall where it landed after training at Fort Lewis and the Presidio.

45th Division, Oklahoma National Guard outfit, saw action for first time in Sicily. They call it "the Indian Division" because it has some 1,500 Indians from 28 tribes.

9th Division, activated at Fort Bragg in 1940 by Lt. Gen. Jacob L. Devers, CG of the ETO, was first U. S. unit to enter Bizerte during final drive of Tunisian battle.

The 82d Airborne Division was Sgt. York's outfit in first World War. It trained at Fort Bragg after it was converted into an airborne division at Claiborne in 1942.

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sion clung fiercely to its shaking position until the tanks arrived, then blasted away at the Nazis and rolled the panzers back.

Heading inland, the 1st Division marched directly northward and quickly passed Niscemi, a right flank threat that was met by the 2d Battalion of the 16th Infantry, which fought hard battles early in the march. Within a week the 1st Division was at Barrafranca, where the 26th Infantry had seized the surrounding hills to pave the way for the division's march into town.

In rapid succession the 1st then seized and passed beyond Enna, Petralia, Ganzi and Nicosia. At Enna, an important communications center, the 1st Division and Canadian forces fought together, but the climax of the battle was a dash to the rear of the town by a regiment of American infantry. Between Nicosia and Troina, the 1st Division ran into a long, bitter engagement. Fighting from crest to crest and along sharp turns of the highway at the Falcon Mountain, the division pressed in on Troina.

In the meantime, the 45th, Oklahoma's so-called "Indian Division" commanded by Maj. Gen. Troy H. Middleton, drove hard against the beaches at Scoglitti in a smashing blitz and pushed quickly to Vittoria (already taken by men of the 82d Division), fighting beside the Canadians for a short time. The 45th marched probably the greatest distance in Sicily. It moved from Vittoria to Caltagirone, then swept in a wide arc along a curve covering Mirabella and Aidone, crossing behind the 1st Division and proceeding westward to Caltanissetta. From there it took or bypassed the towns of Mussomeli, Vicarello, Montemaggiore, Caccamo and, finally, Termini, just east of Palermo on the northern shore.

At the same time the 1st and 45th were landing at Gela and Scoglitti, the 3d Division, under Maj. Gen. Lucian K. Truscott, and the 2d Armored Division, Maj. Gen. Hugh J. Gaffey's famous "Hell on Wheels," landed at Licata and nearby points. The two divisions quickly took Canicatti and Agrigento and within nine days were near Siculiana. Spearhead of the 3d Division was one of its most famous regiments, the number of which must be withheld. The only battalion not participating in this action was the 3d, which in a daring drive had left the regiment before Siculiana and made a forced march across country from Aaragona to San Stefano, covering 52 miles in 36 hours.

Meanwhile the rest of the 3d Division pushed on to Castelvetrano, then turned northward in a race with 2d Armored Division columns to take Palermo. This town was captured on July 23, the American units then fanning out to break down resistance in nearby areas. The 3d Division is the outfit that on one occasion covered 25 miles in a forced march over mountains without losing a man and then went directly into battle. At Carleone the division walked 32 miles in one stretch and then engaged in an 18-hour close-in battle.

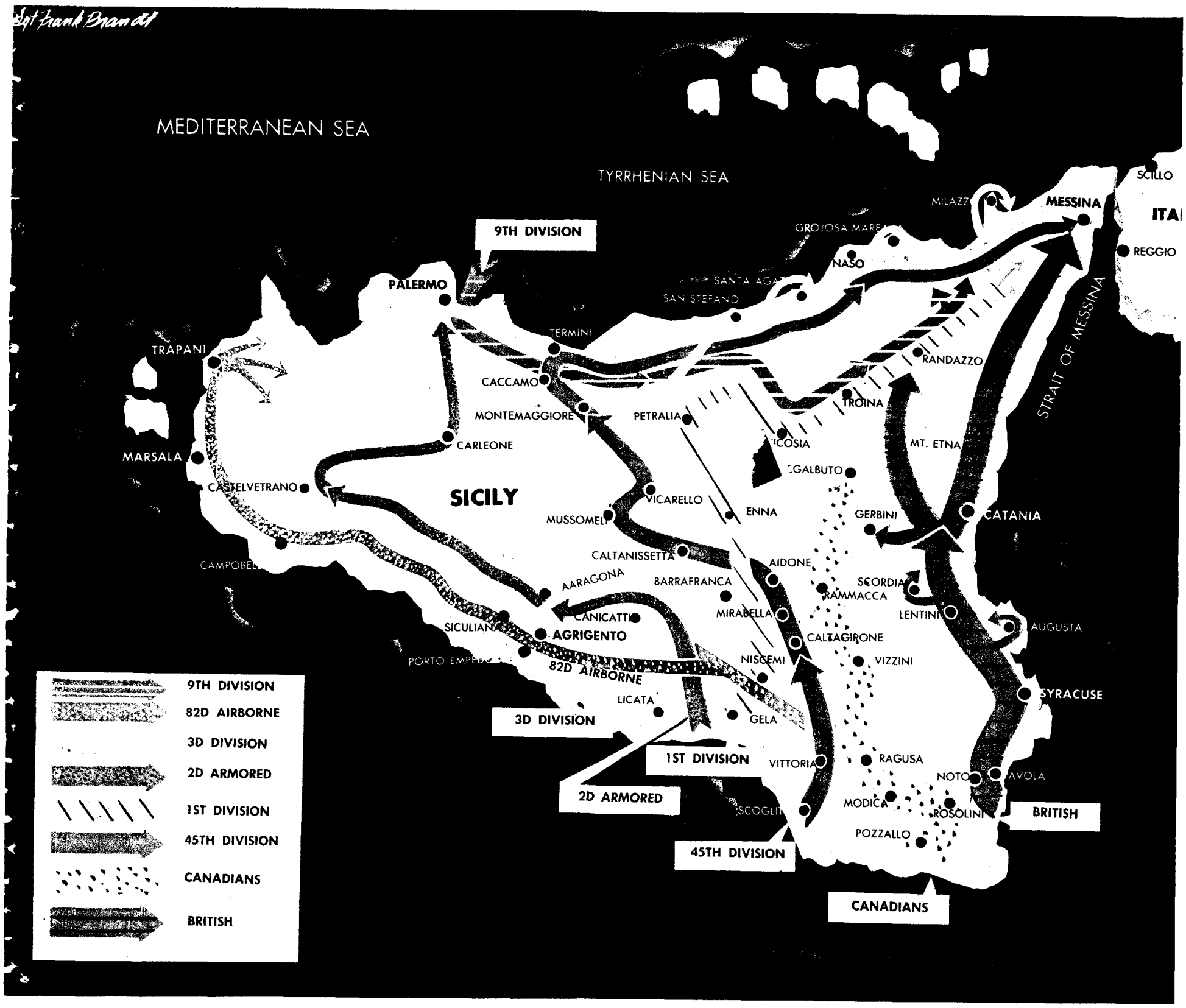
After 15 days about two-thirds of Sicily was under Allied control. The German and Italian lines were withdrawn to the northeast corner of the island, and the American divisions began converging from the south and the west upon the Axis concentrations.

The 9th Division, motorized, commanded by Maj. Gen. Manton S. Eddy, landed from the sea at Palermo about Aug. 2 under terrific enemy air attacks and rolled quickly along the already-conquered north shore to San Stefano. Then the 9th Division veered sharply to the south as far as Nicosia and joined the 1st Division, engaged in savage battle with the Nazis at Troina. Relieving the 1st, which had already participated in the two greatest American engagements in the campaign, the 9th Division advanced against the Nazis. The 1st Division quickly rejoined the fight, however, and together with the 9th pounded the enemy and captured Troina on Aug. 6.

A week later, the 9th, joined by a British division, was the first American outfit to enter Randazzo, where elements of both U. S. divisions fanned out northward and eastward to cover the southwestern approaches to Messina, important port just across the straits from the mainland of Italy.

The 45th Division, swinging eastward at Termini, and the 3d Division, marching eastward from Palermo, drove along the coastal route toward Messina. The 45th at first led the way along the shore, but later elements of the 3d jumped ahead by means of three "leap frog" maneuvers along the coast. Striking behind the German lines with stabs from the sea, these units landed on Aug. 8, 10 and 16 near Santa Agata, Grojosa Marea and Milazzo respectively. Patrols of the 3d were the first Allied units to enter Messina on Aug. 17. Units of the 45th reached Messina soon afterward.

The campaign was over. Sicily, springboard to the continent of Europe, was in our hands.



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Out of the Spotlight

HELI That's what coast artillerymen in Panama—the "Jungle Mudders"—call this observation post on a mountain top. One of them, Pfc. James H. Griffin of Powder Springs, Tenn., rides back from a patrol in the jungle. The horses lay their ears back in the rain, and the earth steams.

MUD BOUND Two artillerymen, Pvt. Jim Plante and Pfc. Peter J. Smith, take off their shoes, grown big with mud, before going in.

READY, WAITING. "Jungle Mudders" man a 3-inch coast gun during a practice alert. They built such emplacements themselves, clearing them out of the jungle.

HUNTERS' RETURN. Pfc. Edwin H. Baldwin and Cpl. Bill Kirkpatrick with their trophies—two native birds.

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WASH DAY. Army nurses washing clothes at Assam, India, draw a crowd, and some kids get in with the laundry.

HITCHHIKERS. On occasional days off the girls like to take trips to nearby native villages. If it's too muddy to walk they'll take a ride on anything from trucks to bullock carts.

SUNDAY CHOW. That's when the nurses like to put on their cleanest uniforms to walk the chow line. Maybe those nice smiles mean fried chicken.

EXTRA RATIONS. With Ruth Schiffler's sugar and Mary Lozinak's cocoa and nuts, they're making themselves a batch of fudge.

MEANING DRESS. Dorothy Hanson had nothing to wear to a dance and so bought this native Indian dress.

NURSES' QUARTERS. Marie Carroll and Josep..... Sutter have made their bamboo hut as comfortable as possible. Shelter halves keep beds dry when roof leaks.

HELPING TUG. Violet Fisher helps Florence Brunner out of those easy-on, hard-to-get-off rubber boats. They're needed in India's mud.

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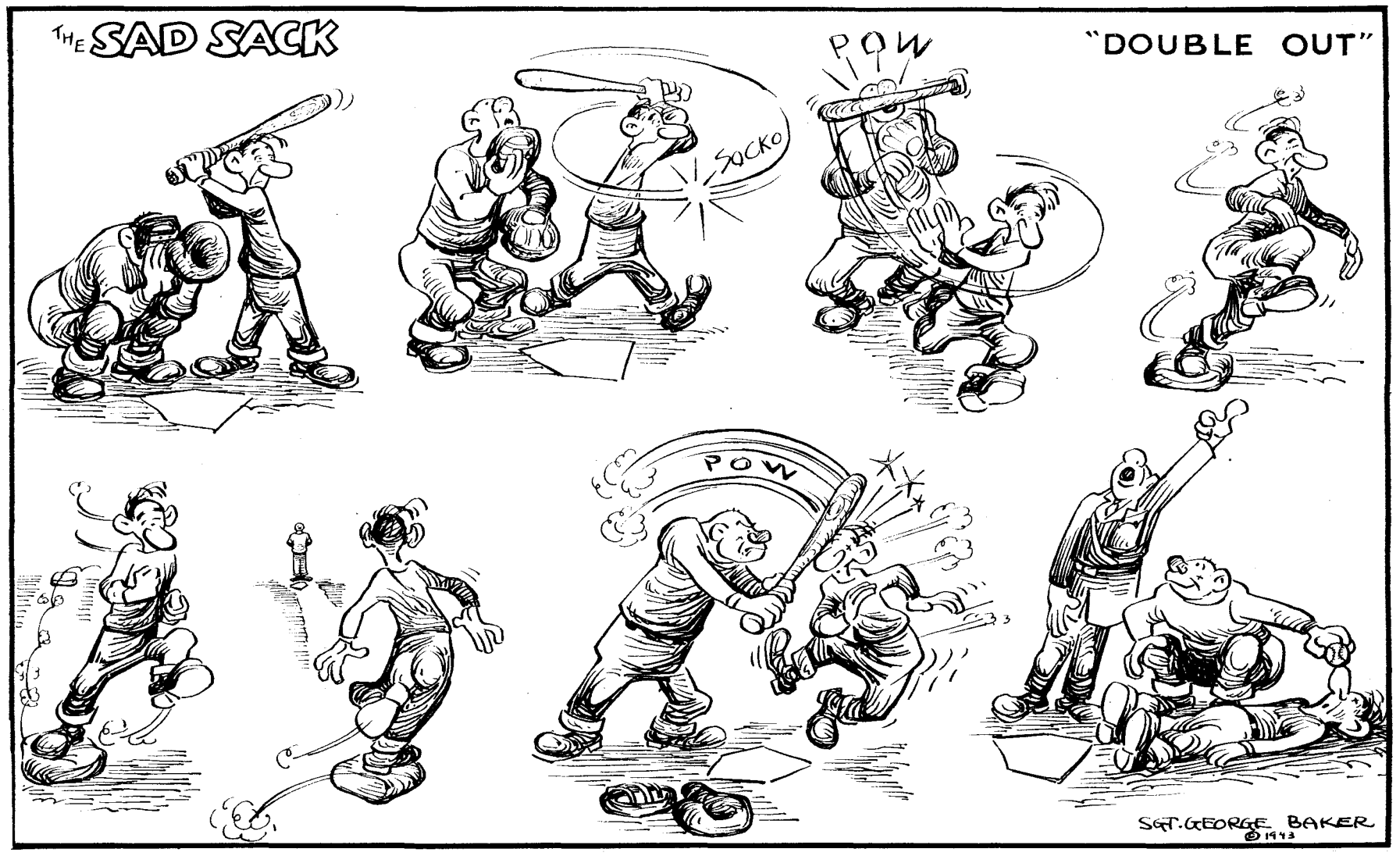

Whatever became of the Old Fashioned Uppercut?

By O/C RAY DUNCAN
Camp Davis, N. C.

I HAD the misfortune, a few hours ago, to step on a corporal's shoe in a chow line. It was after our class in judo and hand-to-hand combat. The corporal had just shined his shoes.

He lifted one foot knee high. With a vicious scrape he brought it down against my shin, and at the bottom of the stroke he stamped hard against my instep. As I doubled over in pain he smashed the bridge of my nose with the heel of his hand. Then he went to work on my kidneys with both feet as I lay on my face.

A couple of my buddies rescued me by kneeing the base of the corporal's spine. I'm resting comfortably now—almost through spitting blood—but the incident set me to thinking.

After this war a whole generation of Americans will be trained in judo and hand-to-hand combat. What will that mean to our way of life?

Come with me to the Riff-Raff Room, a cozy little cocktail bar. It is Saturday night and the war has been over for three weeks. Seated at the bar are a former marine sergeant and his former girl.

GIRL: I'm so happy you're back. Isn't it wonderful here?

FORMER MARINE: This place is too noisy. That piano player. I'd like to break his fingers, one by one—like this. [*The girl screams in pain, and a former paratrooper and an artilleryman, just discharged, rush to her aid.*]

FORMER PARATROOPER [*to former marine*]: Take it easy, Mac; yer breakin' the fingers of the girl.

He deftly dislocates the marine's shoulder and

snaps his collar bone in two places. The artilleryman sinks two extended fingers into the marine's abdominal wall. Then they go to work with their feet. Several others join in the melee, and the sound of breaking bones and ripping tissue drowns out everything but the tinkle of the piano. The piano player was banging out "It's Murder, He Says."

The former marine drags himself to the piano and throws an elbow lock on the musician with his one good arm. Then with his teeth he methodically breaks the 10 fingers, counting each one aloud.

LAST time I was on furlough I happened to ask my little brother what he'd been reading. "What are all the kids reading?" he cried, drawing from his pocket a worn copy of "Kill or Be Killed, a Manual of Dirty Fighting."

If this trend continues, the American home of the future might easily be something like this:

MOTHER: Jimmy! You've been fighting again! [*She anxiously feels the frail little body of her son, who has just come home from kindergarten.*]

SON: Aw gee Mom, I have not! Why?

MOTHER: Your eye—someone's been gouging it again. Your left arm is bent the wrong way. What is it, wrenched socket or fracture? Tell Mommy, honey. Why are you bent to one side? Abdominal wall again?

FATHER [*looking up from the evening paper*]: Stop nagging the child, Miriam. Boys will be boys, you know. Come here, son, and let me set that arm. [*There is a knock at the door and Mr. Robinson, the next-door neighbor, enters. He points at little Jimmy.*]

MR. ROBINSON: That young hoodlum has been fighting my Wilbur again. My boy will be a nervous wreck if your son doesn't stop splitting his kidneys.

FATHER: Either you apologize for calling my son a hoodlum, or I'll crush your spinal base.

MR. ROBINSON: You and who else? [*They circle around each other, crouched low and growling. Mother draws a stiletto from her bosom. Jimmy's eyes are fixed on the visitor's groin. Father lashes out suddenly with a well-placed kick. Mr. Robinson turns white and weakly attempts a right to the jaw.*]

FATHER: Why, you dirty ———. [*He seizes the fist and twists until the wrist snaps. He jabs his fingers into his neighbor's neck, and all struggling ceases. Jimmy kicks to the groin, then rushes to hug his father around the knees.*]

SON: Gee Pop, you're swell! I told that ole Wilbur my pop could kill his pop!

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WORDS ACROSS THE SEA

Shandrowsky *Terhune* *Meyers* *Berger* *Lea* *Duncan*

From India, **Pvt. Michael Shandrowsky** says hello to all his "dead end" pals of New York City. "Great little wah," says Mike, "but nothing like the old tin-can fights we had in the alley back home." . . . **Pvt. Howard Terhune** of New Albany, Ind., now in Hawaii, wants to get in touch with Pvt. Charley Farnsley, a fellow Hoosier in N. Africa, and Pvt. Carl Wheeler, somewhere in California. Write him c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea* . . . **Carl Meyers, Cox,** of Alameda, Calif., now in Alaska, has a father in the Seabees and a brother in the Marines and has mislaid them both. His father, E. J. Cedarstaff, and his brother, Pfc. Richard E. Cedarstaff, should write to him c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea.*

Pfc. Nathan Berger of New York City has been in Panama for more than a year. He tells Sgt. Harold Leinwand, working in the finance department at Newport News, Va.: "Being the chief accountant, those figures must surely make you sweat it out. Down here in Panama it comes out naturally." . . . **Pvt. Harold J. Lea,** Newfoundland, wants to hear from George Hair, Trinidad, and Shay Bankston, N. Africa. They should write him c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea.* . . . **Marine Gunner Linn G. Duncan** of Rochester, N. Y., USMC, Combat Int. Cen., COMSOPAC, Fleet PO, San Francisco, Calif., sends congratulations to his son Webb on receiving his wings. Says Linn: "Drop your old man a line."

Mail Call

Dear YANK:
In an August issue one of your North African correspondents told how to behave before questioners if captured by the enemy. He advises: "If you are taken before someone who outranks you, salute, even if it makes you squirm." There is nothing in the Geneva Convention which requires the salute to be given enemy officers. And I am sure there is an Army Regulation which specifies the salute is not given enemy officers. I am upset by the apathy with which many of the officers and men regard the enemy. We are not fighting for potato chips. Because a Nazi is captured, it doesn't alter the fact he has been acting for some years as murderer both of people and ideas. The excessive respect and courtesy given captive officers galls me just as if John Dillinger had been feted and handled with kid gloves while he was a prisoner. I'll be damned if I'll salute a Nazi or Jap officer—whether he is my prisoner or I am his.

Newfoundland —**1st Lt. R. W. LIPPMAN**

■ FM 27-10, Rules of Land Warfare, Chapter 4, paragraph 91, states: "Prisoners of war must salute all officers of the detaining power. Officers . . . are required to salute only officers of higher or equal rank." Even if you have to squirm, experience proves it's a good idea to be polite and courteous. The formality of saluting tends to raise a barrier between you and your questioner.

Dear YANK:
The tendency to glamorize the war is nauseating and the film industry is perhaps the worst offender. Hollywood tells us Johnny Doughboy is having a hell of a good time shooting up a few Japs each day and playing tag with hula girls. Then he comes back with medals and wound stripes to marry Susan. Great stuff but it stinks. Tailor-made glamor looks pretty sick compared to a pfc. getting knocked off in New Guinea. It's realized that men must die in war, but why can't the home front accept that fact without making a spectacle of itself covering up with glamor?

AAB, Herington, Kans. —**S/Sgt. MICHAEL J. LAWRENCE**

Dear YANK:
In an August issue I was shocked to discover Artie Greengroin's face had undergone a repulsive transformation. Instead of the old confident but slightly apprehensive Greengroin, we were given a sour sallow individual who stared bitterly down his nose at the title which his countenance belied: "Artie the Optimist." The old Greengroin always bore the marks of last night's festivities, whereas the wizened face of the new Greengroin bespeaks asceticism, repression and malnutrition. The Artie we knew smoked with an air of abandon. The changeling concentrates on a weed like a befuddled addict. How do you explain the switch? —**S/Sgt. ROBERT VAN BRUGGEN**

Municipal Airport, Memphis, Tenn.

■ We suspect Greengroin of a Jekyll and Hyde existence as well as of asceticism, repression and malnutrition.

Dear YANK:
I feel very much insulted by your article on Tony Galento's come-back in a July issue of YANK. It was an insult to every pro wrestler in the game. Just because Tony hires some punch-drunk tanker like Herbie Katz to take a dive for him, it's no reason for comparing him to pro wrestlers. If you guys think pro wrestling is a fake, just get in and try it.

Australia —**Pvt. FLOYD TEASLEY**

■ Whatcha trying to do? Pull our leg?

Dear YANK:
In *Mail Call* in an August issue Pfc. Roy E. Peck, New Guinea, makes a reckless threat against our "traitorous" labor unions. I must tell him that if ever American labor is faced with the house-cleaning crusade he suggests, it won't have to search far for defenders. Labor shows integrity, courage and democratic faith both in war and peace.

General Hospital, Temple, Tex. —**Pfc. RAYMOND B. COLE**

Dear YANK:
I wonder if the men who read your exotic article about the wonderful treatment of OCS wash-outs at Jefferson Barracks [in a July issue] realized it was pure propaganda. I am an OCS wash-out without halitosis or a mania for homicide, but Col. Pullig didn't greet me or any of the other boys in your Pollyanna style. Instead we were informed by a very bored second lieutenant that we would be here only a few days so not to bother him with "foolishness." That was four months ago and I have now advanced to bayonet drill—at which any one of us could easily massacre our limited-service instructors. We are refused permission to beg or bribe the classification men to ship us out, and our skills are in the advanced stages of decomposition.

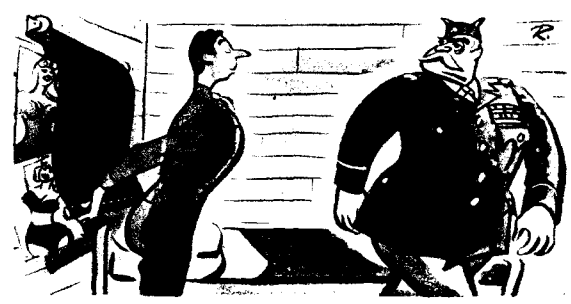
Jefferson Barracks, Mo. —**S/Sgt. H. N. NAUMANN**

Dear YANK:
Now that you have printed an editorial about soldiers wearing service ribbons who haven't earned them, why don't you write a piece about our self-appointed Gen. Arnolds? These khaki-clad phonies seem to think that silver wings are something in which one invests a few dollars to make the uniform a bit more resplendent. Last week I was in an Army-Navy store when in stepped a rookie who asked to see some wings. The clerk asked him what kind, but the rookie didn't even know. After being shown three types, he chose the aerial gunner's wings because they were more shiny. When we questioned him he laughed and said, "Everybody is wearing them." My buddies and I expect to earn the right to wear wings in the near future, but we don't think we'll wear them, just to be different. —**Cpl. LEON WALDMAN**

Douglas Tng. Det., Long Beach, Calif.

Dear YANK:
Your pin-up girls are a work of art. Indeed, better pictures can't be found in *Esquire.* Yes, the pin-up girl is a morale builder all right, and it does my heart good to see "her" bring so much contentment to so many men. . . . But what the hell good is it! Every day we have an inspection and no pictures are allowed to be showing on the walls. I am always reading about soldiers demanding more pin-up girls. But what I want to know is where do we pin 'em?

Camp Howze, Tex. —**Cpl. AL HALPERN**



Dear YANK:
Our battalion commander has issued an order to take all pin-ups off the walls. For months we collected gorgeous women from YANK, but now we have to take them down. We are broken-hearted. Since we have no chaplain here, we would appreciate it if you would punch our TS cards. Thank you.

ASTP, Brookings, S. Dak. —**Cadet DAN WEINBERG***

*Also signed by Cadets Charley Keane, George Reimer and Dale Briggs.

■ You guys are in the same boat with Pvt. Pete La Brie at Camp Barkeley, Tex., whose CO ordered him to have a dress tattooed over the nude female on his left bicep.

Dear YANK:
In a July YANK there was an item about Mae West turning over her jewelry to the WPB to be cut down for use in precision instruments. That's a lot of thinly sliced baloney. 1) Cut diamonds are not used for industrial purposes. 2) there are plenty of diamonds of the proper kind available, and 3) breaking up her jewelry would be analogous to junking a '42 Cadillac to salvage the gaskets.

Fort William Scott, Calif. —**Pfc. LOUIS LICHT**

MESSAGE CENTER

B. Sgt. HYMAN BAND of Brooklyn, N. Y., once at Fort Dix, N. J., see *Message 1.** . . . DAVID JOSEPH BAYER, who lived on Vyse Ave., the Bronx, N. Y., write to Pvt. Jacob Adler; Co. A, 467th QM Trk. Regt., Camp McCoy, Wis. . . . FRANK BAYER, Sicily, write to Pfc. Edward G. Woods, Ward 137, Sta. Hosp., Camp Shenango, Greenville, Pa. . . . Pvt. JOHN BEAL of Brooklyn, N Y., in Panama in 1942, see *Message 2.*** . . . Sgt. JACK BEHR, once at Lowry Field, Colo., write to Pvt. Daniel Friedman, 1879th Ord. Det., Camp Livingston, La. . . . DUDLEY G. BENNETT, once in Bks. 308, Sheppard Field, Tex., see *Message 3.*† . . . AL BERKMAN, last address: Lockbourne AAB, Ohio, see *Message 4.*†† . . . Sgt. JOHN BIRD, once at Fort Bragg, N. C., write Lt. Jesse Tucker, Co. C, 655 TD Bn., Camp Hood, Tex. . . . A/C WALTER BOYCHUCK, last address: Santa Ana, Calif., write to Sgt. G. A. Pifer, Plt. B, 1148th Sch. Sq., Fort Sumner, N. Mex. . . . HARRY BROWN, once at Lockbourne AAB, Ohio, see *Message 4.*†† . . . A/C HAROLD W. BULK, last address: New York City, write to Cpl. Preston Sechrist, 136 First St., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

C. WILLIAM CADMAN, overseas, see *Message 5.*‡ . . . ALBERT B. CALLAHAN of Cleveland Heights, Ohio, write to Pfc. Ralph M. Wefel, Bks. 1211, 804th TSS, Sioux Falls, S. Dak. . . . Sgt. ROBERT CHAUVIN, once in Co. L, 32d Inf., write to M/Sgt. Orville N. Elmore, Sta. Hosp., Fort Snelling, Minn. . . . JERRY (FRENCHIE) CHAWES, once at Lockbourne AAB, Ohio, see *Message 4.*†† . . . Lt. EDWARD C. CHECK, overseas, see *Message 5.*‡ . . . Pvt. GEORGE R. CHENEY, once at Fort Bragg, N. C., write to Sgt. Harry A. Rich Jr., Hq. Co., 67th Sig. Bn., Camp Van Dorn, Miss. . . . Cpl. SHERMAN W. COOKE, last heard from near Tunis, write to S/Sgt. James L. Sobel, Btry. B, 301 FA Bn., Camp Phillips, Kans. . . . ROBERT M. COX, who joined the AAF at Fort Leavenworth, Kans., in 1938, write to Pfc. James B. Ardinger Jr., 397th Tech. Sch., Box 899, Bks. 10, Keesler Field, Miss. . . . JOHN CROFCHECK, last address Jefferson Barracks, Mo., see *Message 6.*‡‡ . . . "PUNCH" CUNNINGHAM of Saint Marys, Pa., now in the S. Pacific, see *Message 6.*‡‡

E. S/Sgt. S. EISENBERG of Brooklyn, N. Y., last address: Grenier Field, N. H., see *Message 1.** . . . Sgt. RAY ERCOLANI, somewhere in Africa, write to Sgt. R. J. Odorisio, Co. K, 390 Inf., Camp Breckinridge, Ky. . . . Pfc. JESSE W. EVANSKI, last address: APO 827, New Orleans, La., write to Pvt. Theo. F. Kubit.

F. DUANE FALCONER, overseas, see *Message 5.*‡ . . . Pfc. ALBERT (BABE) FIO RITA, last address: Patterson Field, Ohio, write to A/C Paul Gardner, Eagle Fields, Dos Palos, Calif. . . . T/Sgt. ROBERT O. E. FISHEL, once at Keesler Field, Miss., write to Lt. Pat Frazier, Hq. 322d Med. Bn., Camp Swift, Tex. . . . Pvt. JOSEPH FOCARINO, last heard from in New York, see *Message 7.*§ . . . JACK FOLEY, once in Barracks 308, Sheppard Field, Tex., see *Message 3.*† . . . CLAYTON FOSTER of Edinburg, Tex., write to Sgt. Charles G. Walker, Sta. Disp., Camp Springs, Washington, D. C. . . . T/Sgt. EDWIN G. FREEHAN, last address: APO 758, New York, write to your wife, Leona M. Freehan, 4622d SU, WAC Det., Fort Sheridan, Ill. . . . Sgt. CHARLES W. FRENCH, once at Schofield Barracks, HD, write to S/Sgt. Melvin Stauffer, Co. C, 6th Bn, Shenango Pers. Repl. Dep., Greenville, Pa. . . . Pfc. VICTOR F. FRIMMEL, write to Cpl. Joseph A. Muzikowski, 20th Photo. Sq. H, Peterson Field, Colo. . . . Pvt. FUNDY, formerly of Btry. A, 6 Bn., Fort Eustis, Va., see *Message 8.*§§

G. Cpl. HAROLD L. GASKINS of Chesterfield, S. C., last address: Fort Benning, Ga., write to Sgt. Eugene Ellison, Rcn. Co. 818, TD Bn., Camp Pickett, Va. . . . 1st Sgt. CHARLES GETGEN, formerly in Co. K, 109th Inf., see *Message 9.**** . . . LOUIS GOLDBERG, last address: Lockbourne AAB, Ohio, see *Message 4.*†† . . . Pvt. GEORGE GUNTFELDER, last heard from in Panama, write to Pvt. D. Johnstone, 403d Fighter Gp. Sq., Selfridge Field, Mich.

H. Pvt. GRADY HARRIS, last post Camp Gordon, Ga., write to Lt. Reuel N. Pomeroy, Weapons Dept., TD Sch., Camp Hood, Tex. . . . 1st Sgt. ALEX HORN, formerly in 37th Ord. Co., Fort Dix, N. J., write Pvt. Bernard B. Amon, Hq. Co., SCNOSA, New Orleans, La. . . . MARVIN HUIRAS, see *Message 5.*‡

M. Cpl. LOUIS MARASCO, last heard from at Indio, Calif., see *Message 7.*§ . . . Pvt. M. MARCUS, USMC, last heard from at Cherry Point, N. C., see *Message 1.** . . . 1st Sgt. S. MILLER, formerly with Co. K, 109th Inf., see *Message 9.**** . . . Pvt. MURPHY, formerly at Fort Eustis, Va., in Btry. A, 6 Bn., see *Message 8.*§§

**Message 1:* Write Pfc. Leo Eisenberg, Hq. Stu. Regt., TD Sch., Camp Hood, Tex.
***Message 2:* Write Pvt. D. Johnstone, 403d Fighter Sq., Selfridge Field, Mich.
†*Message 3:* Write Pvt. Don R. Hook, 1082 Gd. Sq., SAAAF, San Angelo, Tex.
††*Message 4:* Write Pvt. Donald Workman, 729 SAW Co., Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla.
‡*Message 5:* Write Stephen J. Sterbak WO, Dept. of Tactics, AAAS, Camp Davis, N. C.
‡‡*Message 6:* Write James Auman, 6th Bomb. Sq. (H), Gowen Field, Idaho.
§*Message 7:* Write S/Sgt. Alvin Klein, 9th Field Hosp., Camp Rucker, Ala.
§§*Message 8:* Write Cpl. Edward Barkowski, Btry. A, 162 CA Bn. (AA), Fort Brady, Mich.
***Message 9:* Write M/Sgt. H. Wilhelm, Div. Hq. Co., Camp Butner, N. C.

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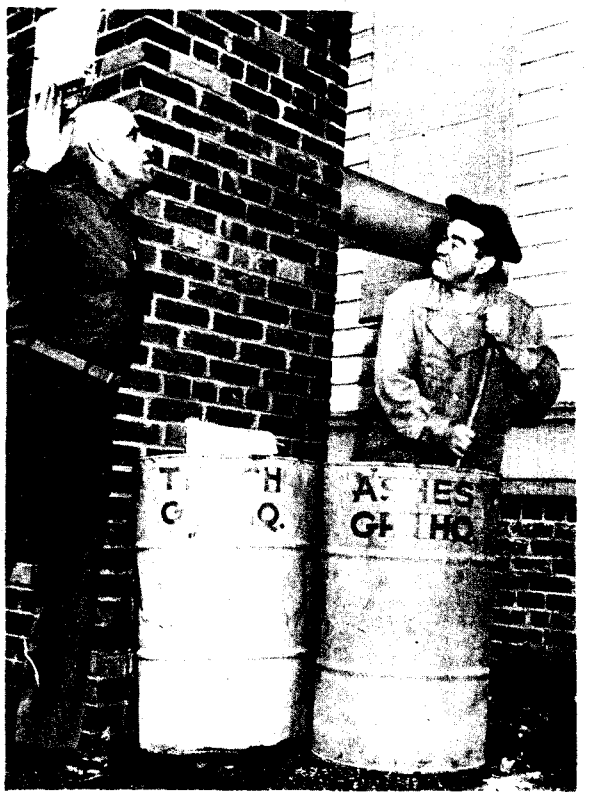
McTURK BATTERS THE BUM

Look at the puss that popped up in the company area to disturb Pvt. Joe McTurk's peaceful fatigue duties. McTurk is played by Pvt. Robert McCracken of Fort George G. Meade, Md. Sgt. Pete Paris took the pictures.

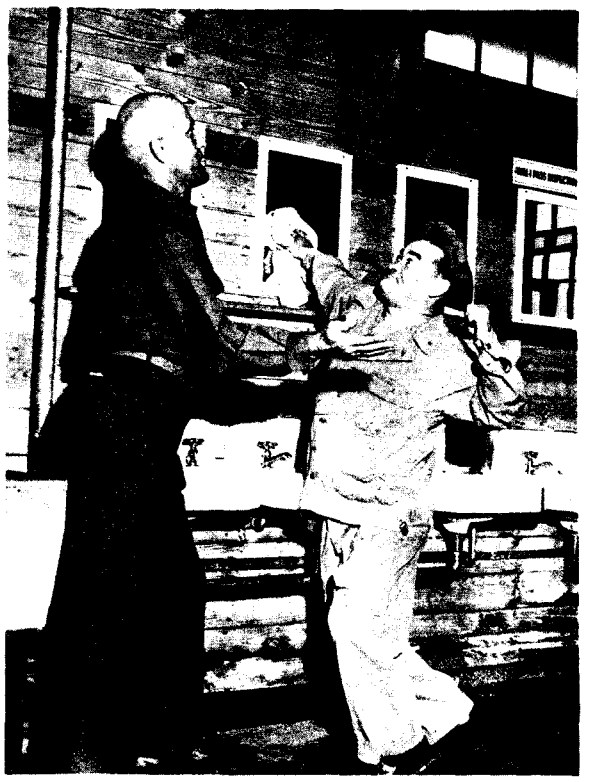
"DAT CHIN looks familyure," mutters McTurk. "Now, where have I saw it before? This must be one of dem new recroots dem quartermasters sent us when we ast for sapolio." Then the light begins to dawn on Joe. "Pardon me for not rekkenizzing yer, chum, but I ain't seen yer in the newsreels so much lately," he explains.

"WHATCHA doin' here?" Joe asks. "I heard yer was goin' outa business but I didn't know it was becuz yer was getting drafted." The guy claims that he would be still going strong only they started rationing balconies back home. "Cantcha salute like that frum der ground?" queries Joe. "Afraid someone might step on yer toes?"

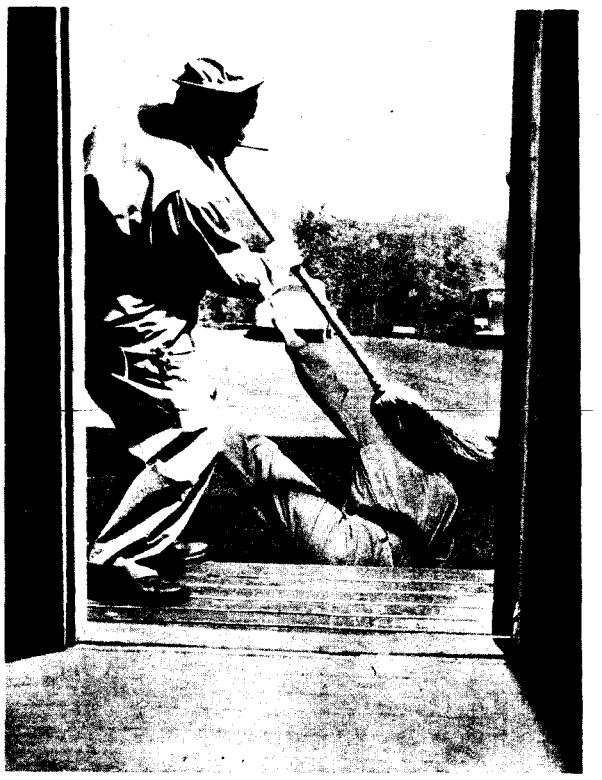


"FUN'S FUN," barks Mac. "But the lootenant is due here any minute an' I got me work to do, so will yez kindly scram and stop handin' me that stuff about de glories of Ancient Rome? Besides d'yez expect me to get all steamed up about yer old glories when yez won't tell me whether dey are blondes, red heads or brunettes?"

BUT THE BUM still holds strong and follows Joe *into the barracks. Mac wonders whether he should bother* to turn the character into the orderly room. He decides the captain and the first sergeant are busy enough helping the supply sergeant take inventory without cluttering up their morning report with these forgotten men.



"LISTEN, JOIK," Mac yelps. "Fer der last time, I don't care how menny railroads yer made run on time or how yer built the empire. Dat stuff mighta gone over back in 1930 but I gotta clean dis latrine. Now gwan and get outa here before I make a Brenner Pass atcher big lower lip wit me Staten Island fist. So help me."



"YOU AST FOR IT," grumbles Joe as he soberly sweeps the remains out the door. "As if it ain't bad enough keeping dis joint neat and tidy, dey gotta start cluttering up the floor wit ex-dictators. An' jest tink, dis ting here was wunna da reasons why dey stuck me number inna gold fish bowl. Well, it's a small woild."

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YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

STRICTLY G.I.

Our Casualties

HERE are the latest official casualty figures of U. S. military forces from Dec. 7, 1941, to the end of August, 1943:

Service	Killed	Wounded	Missing	Prisoners	Total
Army	9,209	20,159	21,764	19,740	70,872
Navy	7,852	2,561	8,914	2,246	21,573
Marines	2,005	2,506	663	1,925	7,099
Coast Guard	182	22	158	1	363
	19,248	25,248	31,499	23,912	99,907

U. S. Merchant Marine casualties from Sept. 27, 1941 to Aug. 1, 1943: Killed, 627; missing, 4,124; total, 4,751.

The Army said that 8,748 of its men listed as wounded have either returned to duty or have been discharged from the hospitals.

GIs Gets Tax Extension

The Treasury Department has announced that members of the armed services on active duty Sept. 15, 1943, do not have to file income-tax declarations until March 15, 1944. If you make out and file a final return of income for 1943 and pay the tax shown on it by March 15, 1944, the income filing for 1943 is waived. Even if you had an income this year which was big enough to require a tax payment you have until March 15, 1944 to pay it.

Love in Australia

The U. S. Army Red Cross field director in Australia has suggested that Aussie girls who have married American GIs receive instruction on how to fit themselves for home life in the States. There are now more than 500 such marriages officially recorded, he says, and probably many more unrecorded. The Red Cross, incidentally, carefully investigates the backgrounds of both the GI and his girl before they get hitched to make sure each one knows what the score is. Parents or guardians of the girl must sign a statement that they'll care for her in an emergency, and the girl is advised that she can't get to the U. S. until the war's over.

Airborne Insignia?

We have been flooded with letters from GIs who want to know if the shoulder patch worn by 1st Sgt. H. M. Longworth on the cover of an August issue of YANK is a new official insignia for airborne troops. No, it isn't. Sgt. Longworth wears an Air Force insignia with the word "Airborne" above it (as shown here) because he is a member of an aviation engineers outfit—part of the Air Forces—attached to an airborne brigade at Alliance, Nebr. But the regular airborne troops are part of the Army Ground Forces—not the Air Force. Therefore, they cannot wear this Air Force insignia.

Art and War

The WD has announced that special measures have been taken to protect art treasures that come "within the scope of Allied military operations." Every major unit of the AMG has been assigned a museums and monuments officer whose duty is to notify commanders of the existence of art treasures and to direct their preservation wherever practicable. Combat COs have been furnished with maps showing the locations of widely known art objects, statues and museums so that they can keep them if possible out of firing range.

Permanent Ranks

President Roosevelt has announced the designation of Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower as a permanent major general in the U. S. Army. Gen. Eisenhower now holds the temporary rank of general and previously held the permanent rank of colonel. Permanent ranks of other Army generals are: Lt. Gen. Mark W. Clark, lieutenant colonel; Lt. Gen. George S. Patton Jr., colonel; Lt. Gen. Carl Spaatz, colonel; Lt. Gen. George C. Kenney, lieutenant colonel; Lt. Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell, brigadier general; Lt. Gen. Millard F. Harmon, colonel; Lt. Gen. Omar Nelson Bradley, lieutenant colonel; Maj. Gen. James Harold Doolittle, major; Maj. Gen. Ira Clarence Eaker, lieutenant colonel; Maj. Gen. Terry De La Mesa Allen, lieutenant colonel. Permanent ranks are those which were held by Army personnel prior to Oct. 1, 1940, and all promotions in rank after that date are temporary. Members of the U. S. Army will revert to their permanent ranks after the duration plus six months. This applies both to officers and enlisted men.

LITTLE MAN, YOU'LL HAVE A BUSY DAY.

Parachute Bombs

Allied troops in New Guinea have learned that anti-personnel parachute bombs can hang on trees for six months without being affected by heat or rain. These bombs were first used on a large scale in this area, and Allied demolition squads worked for two months destroying all the "duds" they could find. They found several dozen parachute bombs still hanging from trees deep in the jungle and around one bomb crater the bodies of four Aussies. One of them held a shrapnel-torn parachute in his hand.

GI Shop Talk

The WD has announced the posthumous award of the Silver Star to Chaplain Guy H. Turner for gallantry in action in Attu. He was one of 30 chaplains who have died in active duty since Pearl Harbor. . . . WASP, which stands for "Women's Air Force Service Pilots," is the new official title of women pilots of the AAF. Although Wasps wear a distinctive uniform, they serve the AAF in a civilian status and are not members of the armed forces. . . . GIs stationed in areas where rationed goods are plentiful aren't helping their folks by mailing them the stuff back home, says the U. S. Collector of Customs. In every case the correct number of points has to be given up by the person receiving the foods. . . . An AAF P-40 Warhawk group of the Northwest African Air Forces recently celebrated its 100th day of oprations by flying on its 100th combat mission in which it brought down five enemy planes and boosted its score of destroyed enemy ships to an even 100 . . . More than 1,000 Wacs will be trained for service in the Army Medical Department in special courses at the Army-Navy Hospital School at Hot Springs, Ark.

Washington O.P.

GIs are getting the limelight in the Third War Loan Drive now under way. A letter by Cpl. Christopher Hanley, AAF, of Jersey City, N. J., from the Aleutians inspired the kick-off broadcast made by Secretary of the Treasury Henry F. Morgenthau Jr. War veterans will tour the county in transport planes to pep up War Bond rallies. Army posts are supplying talent and equipment for other shows. All together, the Treasury aims to raise 15 billion bucks from civilians and the armed forces. GIs are buying War Bonds on an ever-expanding scale, investing almost 25 million dollars each month.

The first women's service entitled to carry arms are the women guards of the Treasury Department, seven of whom sport revolvers after qualifying on the Treasury pistol range. . . . Gen. Henry H. Arnold, chief of the AAF, picked up the millionth shotgun manufactured for AAF gunnery schools and knocked off a clay pigeon as neatly as you please out at Bolling Field. . . . ASF has changed the name of its weekly radio program to "The Army Services Presents" and hereafter will dramatize the exploits of one individual in each show.

We expect that several more "official" battles will be announced before long by the Awards and Decorations Branch. If you participated in one of them you will be authorized to wear a star on your service ribbon. But don't start putting the stars on yet. So far, only action in the Philippines permits the wearing of a star.

The WD figures that more than 10,000,000 individual Christmas presents will be mailed to GIs overseas during the Sept. 15-Oct. 15 mailing period. That is twice as many as were sent to men overseas during a similar period last year. . . . They tell us the ASTP program is rolling along now, with upward of 100,000 soldiers in training at more than 200 colleges and 16,000 more in STAR units. —YANK's Washington Bureau

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Surinam: Pvt. Bernard Freeman, Inf.
Nassau: Sgt. Dave P. Folds Jr., MP.
Iceland: Sgt. Gene Graff, Inf.
Newfoundland: Sgt. Frank Bode.
Greenland: Sgt. Edward F. O'Meara, AAF.
Marines: 1st Sgt. Riley Aikman.
Navy: Robert L. Schwartz Y2c; Allen Churchill Y3c.

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CAMP NEWS

PAW SALUTE. Private Buzz, a 5-month-old cocker spaniel, seems to be the only dog that can return a GI salute. Trained by Cpl. Joseph F. Notarangelo at Camp Santa Anita, Calif., Buzz can flick up a quick paw but he refuses to salute first.

Special Orders

Camp Sibert, Ala.—T/Sgt. Mace E. Taylor is chief order clerk for the Unit Training Center here. He takes his job very seriously, as witness the following announcement which he sent out recently:

HEADQUARTERS
1st Provisional Taylor Household
1114 Jupiter Street
Gadsden, Alabama

17 August 1943

SPECIAL ORDERS }
NO. 1 }

1. Sharon Susan Taylor, seven pounds and a quarter ounces, brunette, and good looking, has reported Holy Name of Jesus Hospital at 0130, 17 August 1943, per paragraph 99, special orders number 297, Headquarters, Camp High in the Clouds, Heaven, and is assigned to Headquarters, 1st Provisional Taylor Household and is designated Chief of Attention Section, vice Technical Sergeant Mace E. Taylor relieved.

By Order of Dr. F. W. McCorkle, M. D.
Susan Taylor,
Mother (Doing Fine),
H F G.

OFFICIAL:
Mace E. Taylor,
Father (Dazed and amazed)

Hide and Seek

Camp Van Dorn, Miss.—Pvt. George Klein of Hq. Battery, 371st FA, on guard duty, saw a dim shape in the darkness some yards away from him. He ordered the figure to advance and be recognized.

The trespasser moved closer and halted. Klein, straining his eyes, called out again: "Advance. I still don't recognize you."

The figure moved again and on the third challenge, when Klein announced that he still couldn't recognize him, a voice spoke up: "Hey, buddy, how long is this going on? I'm standing behind you now."

Target Practice

Camp Beale, Calif.—S/Sgt. Jack Butterly of Hq. Co., 83d Armored Medical Bn., entered the dispensary here and told a strange story.

He was walking down a company street and reached toward his pocket for his pipe. He felt something hit his hand hard and looked to see an arrow imbedded in it. Amazement overcame pain. He looked around for the enemy, but no one was in sight.

The doctor examined Butterly, fixed up his hand and came to the conclusion that he wasn't bait for Section 8. The explanation finally was forthcoming. A group of archery enthusiasts had been practicing and one shaft had missed the target—but not Butterly.

AROUND THE CAMPS

Mobile Headquarters, Third Army, Louisiana—Pvt. R. O. Minnihan, flag orderly with an umpire detail, was crossing the Sabine River during the dark hours. His boat suddenly hit something and stopped. Minnihan, who couldn't swim, thought he'd reached land and stepped out—into 10 feet of water. The boat had hit a snag, but Sgt. Lewis S. Freeman, squad leader, saved Pvt. Minnihan from the results of his error.

Camp Joseph T. Robinson, Ark.—Pvt. Rolly Stroyman reports that GIs attached to Co. C, 68th Replacement Bn., have their doubts about the saying that it's a good cook who eats his own food. The reason is this notice which appeared on the bulletin board: "Have gone to town for lunch. Will be back at 2 P.M." It was signed by the mess sergeant.

THE BALL FOLLOWS HIM

Sgt. "Duke" Abbruzzi, onetime halfback for Rhode Island State and for three straight years on the All-New England, is still hurling them as assistant athletic director, Hq., Camp Croft, S. C.

BOOKMOBILE READERS. The idea of this portable library was started by the librarian at the Service Club No. 5 in the Harmony Church area, Fort Benning, Ga. Operated for colored troops, this "bookmobile" makes it possible for camp booklovers to get their reading, and to return it, conveniently.

VISITING TROUPERS. Fay McKenzie, singer and leading lady in Gene Autry films, gets her mitts on a machine gun at Wendover Field, Utah, while comedian Billy Gilbert and his wife hope nothing goes off. They visited Wendover to open a new Service Club after coming back from entertaining Yanks overseas.

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IS THIS THE ARMY?

Fort Dix, N. J. — Pvt. David Flitman of Co. B, 22d Infantry, knows what he wants and doesn't hesitate to say so. Recently, he stared down at a piece of French toast on his tray and decided that it simply wasn't for him.

"Say, sergeant," he said to one of the cooks on the serving line, "have this fried more. I like it well done."

The cook looked at Flitman, then at the toast and wordlessly took it back to the stove. He returned a few seconds later with Flitman's order well done.

Brooks Field, Tex.—Pfc. Fred Comer, attached to the photo section of the 17th Aviation Sq., was asked by Sgt. Albert E. Musso how he'd feel if he had to bail out at 5,000 feet. Cromer replied: "No, sir, I ain't going to jump from no 5,000 feet. I'm going to wait till that plane gets to about 10 feet from the ground, then I'll jump."

Lincoln Army Air Base, Nebr.—It was to be a gala affair. The newly sworn Wacs were set for a big dinner in celebration of their induction into the Army. Then they remembered that someone would have to stand CQ. The plight of the female warriors found a quick answer from the male GIs here. Cpl. Allen Christensen won a place in the hearts of the Wacs by taking over CQ for the night.

Pine Camp, N. Y.—While T-4 Anthony Cimo of Div. Hq. Co., 5th Armored Div., was catching in a softball game, a batter hit a high foul. Cimo tore off his mask and looked up, but could not locate the ball. He found it a moment later—in his hip pocket where it had fallen.

AAFFTC, Santa Monica, Calif.—S/Sgt. Harry Woods is busy these days giving the Schneider test to air-cadet applicants. One applicant recently told him about a friend of his who had washed out consecutively at Norfolk, Pensacola and Corpus Christi. "What's he doing now?" asked Woods. "Drying off," came the answer.

Camp Atterbury, Ind.—Pfc. Edward Slamovitz of Hq. Section, 1560th Service Unit, is a romantic soul. Each noon, when reading letters from his wife, he smokes a cigar. This ritual is the result of a promise—that he would remember her each day in some special way.

MALE CALL

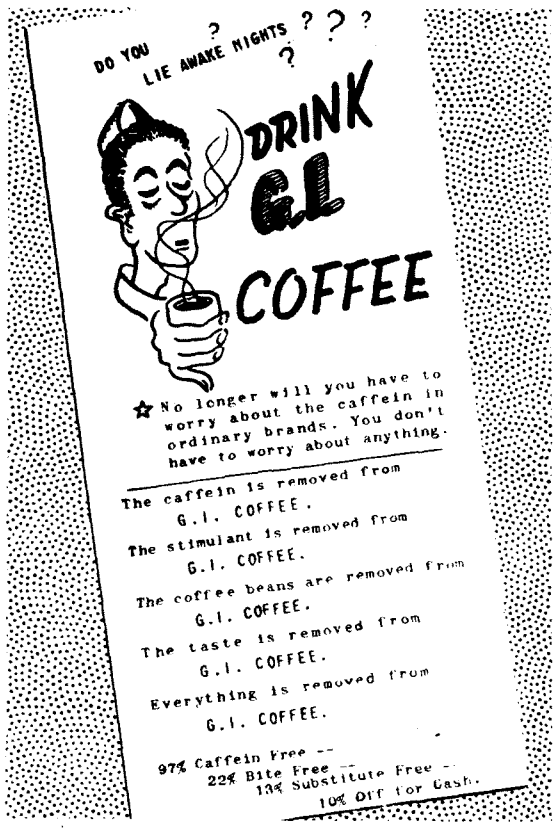
Sheppard Field, Tex.—Cpl. Fred S. Curdts, 62d AB, is assistant manager of Post Theater No. 1 here. One of his admirers is an unnamed North Carolina lass who has a flair for poetry. Recently, he received a letter from her addressed in the following manner:

Hello, Uncle Sammie, I'm light as a rag.
How about a ride in your ole mail bag?
Sheppard Field, Texas, is the end of my route,
And at the War Department Theater you can let me out.
So, here's the stamp and handle with care,
For Cpl. Fred S. Curdts awaits me there.

North Camp Polk, La.—Pvt. William Bruner is handling a flame thrower with an armored regiment here and feels right at home. In civilian life he made his living eating fire. Shells of the Axis worry him not, since once he was a human cannonball, and bayonet charges are a cinch, because "I've had my head chopped off a million times. For one season I played the victim in a trick guillotine."

Tampa Air Force Headquarters, Fla.—Sgt. Herman Lowy of Hq. and Hq. Sq. was kidded by barracks mates into believing that he was being restricted because his bed didn't pass inspection. He dashed hurriedly for the orderly-room bulletin board to see just how much of a restriction he was in for. His haste was unwise. He ran into his CO who immediately slapped a three-day restriction on him for not wearing his cap.

Special note to camp PROs and Special Service Officers: YANK wants interesting news items, pictures and features. Pass them on to YANK, Camp Features, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.



HIGH PRESSURE. Or is it advertising? Anyway this was in the *Wright Take-Off*, Wright Field, Ohio, citing improbable advantages of the Army brand.

CANTEEN ENTERTAINER. Sir Toby, the chimp, is doing his part for GIs on leave who visit the "Cage" Door Canteen at the Cincinnati (Ohio) Zoo. At this point in the act he was cutting a very mean rug.

MAN OF PARTS. Sgt. Keith D. Young, with Hq., Third Armored Corps on maneuvers in Louisiana, is an Australian who served in the Aussie Cavalry, was also prospector, pearl diver, aerial surveyor.

ARMY VEGETABLES. Pvt. Frank F. Nemeth shows off some juicy tomatoes grown in a victory garden planted by the 1524th Service Unit, Fort Hayes, Ohio, between barracks on the company street.

TWO ERAS. Cpl. Rosemary K. Babcock, Wac, from Columbus, Ohio, here is chatting with Princess Blue Water of the Sioux Tribe at Fort Warren, Wyo. Both in uniform, the women traded autographs.

BATTLE CONDITIONS. After a heavy rain it began to look almost like New Guinea for men of the 438th CA Bn. who had to negotiate an infiltration course under live bullets at Camp Edwards, Mass.

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Pin-up Girl

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BOOKS IN WARTIME

UNDER COVER

By John Roy Carlson

For more than four years John Roy Carlson (that's not his real name, of course) moved "under cover" in America's Nazi underworld. He joined many seditious groups, met their leaders and gained their confidence. He made friends with men like Edward Holton James, a New England aristocrat who told him that "the only way to save America is for Hitler and Japan to smash us," and Joe McWilliams, the Yorkville fuehrer, who called Adolf Hitler "the greatest philosopher since the time of Christ." At the end of his four years Carlson came to the conclusion that the members of American Fascist organizations were as dangerous to our democratic way of life as the Japs and Nazis whom American soldiers are killing on the fighting fronts. "Under Cover" is full of names, dates and places, and, though rather clumsily written, it is an effective warning to soldiers who are sure that Fascism can't happen here. Carlson warns us that it not only can happen here, but that there are powerful groups just waiting for the chance to jam it down our throats. [*E. P. Dutton & Co.*]

VERTICAL WARFARE

By Francis Vivian Drake

This interesting and persuasively written book tries to prove that if the United Nations "had the will" they could bomb Germany out of the war within four months. The book is divided into six aspects of aerial warfare, perhaps the most important of which is devoted to the "Air Plan." The purport of this plan is that Germany could be bombed into submission if the RAF and the AAF combined to destroy 40 percent of Nazi industrial power. This could be done, says the author, in a sustained bombing offensive using 1,000 bombers at a time in its initial phases and 2,000 bombers in its final phases. The RAF would require a bomb tonnage of 180,000 for its "saturation type" bombing, and the AAF 60,000 for its "precision type" bombing. The offensive would last about four months and by that time, the author declares, the Nazis would be ready to fold up. "Vertical Warfare" contains some striking air-battle scenes. [*Doubleday, Doran & Co.*]

PICK OUT THE BIGGEST

By Frank Morris

The 10,000-ton cruiser was knifing through the waters north of Guadalcanal on the night of Oct. 11, 1942, when word came that Jap ships were reported to starboard. "How many ships?" asked "Iron Mike" Moran, the *Boise's* skipper. "Seem to be five, sir," was the answer. "Pick out the biggest and commence firing," came the order. In the next 27 minutes the *Boise* sank two Jap cruisers, each over 10,000 tons: a light cruiser and three destroyers. (There were six Jap ships instead of five.) When the fight was over you wouldn't have given a nickel for the *Boise's* chances of ducking the scrap heap. She had been hit by 11 "straddles" and had a hole in her bow big enough to drive a tank through. She was down by the head and listing heavily to starboard. Most of her guns were blown out of action, and she was blazing furiously in a dozen places. More than 110 of her crew were dead and many others were badly burnt, gassed or wounded. But the *Boise* came through, was finally able to limp into Philadelphia for repairs and is now on the high seas itching for another fight. "Pick Out the Biggest" is a swiftly told, dramatic story of a great ship, an iron-hearted skipper and a bunch of guys who didn't know when they were licked. [*Houghton Mifflin Co.*]

GIVE OUT!

Edited by Eric Posselt

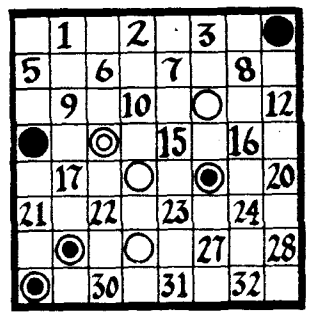
The best you can say about this collection of "songs of, for and by the men in the service" is that it's a good try. Out of 130 songs listed only a dozen were written by enlisted men. Others are by officers and civilians, and a great number are anonymous. Several GI favorites, like "4-F Charlie," "When the War Is Over We'll All Enlist Again" and "I'm Dreaming of a White Mistress," are missing, while old stand-bys like "Anchors Aweigh" and "The Army Air Corps" weren't included because the copyright owners wouldn't okay their use. Many of the songs sound as if they had been written by PROs or Sunday school teachers, and a few, like "Cristofor Colombo" and "The Bastard King of England," are more like the bawdy jingles sung at civilian smokers than by soldiers on the march. Missing also is a five-line ditty without a title which has been sung with great gusto by soldiers while inhaling the dust of southern Virginia. It begins with "Virginia is a helluva state, parlez-vous," and winds up with a certain uncomplimentary reference to Virginia. This song can be sung anywhere in the U. S. by eliminating "Virginia" and substituting the name of the state whose dust you are inhaling. [*Arrowhead Press.*]

CHECKER STRATEGY

CAN you take the White side in this position and pilot the pieces through for a win? Although Black has a superiority in numbers, 5 against 4, he must lose if White makes the right moves.

Look 'em over and see if you can locate the winning combination.

You can check your analysis with the answer on page 22. Before doing so, number the playing squares of your checkerboard from 1 to 32 as shown.



HOLLYWOOD. Laraine Day, who shares honors with Cary Grant in the current "Mr. Lucky," is the 28th cinema-gal to appear opposite him. . . . Objecting to a scene in "Watch on the Rhine" in which a Nazi informer is killed, the Hays Office insisted that there should be punishment for the murder. Lillian Hellman, author of the play from which the film was adapted wrote a note in reply which inquired if the Hays Office was aware that killing Nazis was now a matter of national policy. The scene remained unchanged. . . . Mickey Rooney has been assigned to one of the most dramatic roles of his career, that of Mi in "National Velvet," a story of English steeplechasing. . . . Mona Maris is Hollywood's first refugee from Nazi roles. She recently turned down three spy roles for a bit part in "The Song of Bernadette." "I'm only human," she said. "I'd much rather be kissed than hissed." . . . Joel McCrea will sing in his next picture, "Buffalo Bill." . . . Rita Hayworth, Cary Grant, Janet Blair and Charles Coburn head the roster for Columbia's forthcoming film of old Chautauqua days, "Gone Are the Days." . . . Greer Garson is being tested for the central role of Louis Bromfield's "Mrs. Parkington." . . . Anne Baxter has the role of the wife of the youngest Sullivan in 20th-Fox's "The Sullivans."

Laraine Day

CHANGE OF ADDRESS If you are a YANK subscriber and have changed your address, use this coupon to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., and YANK will follow you to any part of the world.

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DOUBLE PUZZLE

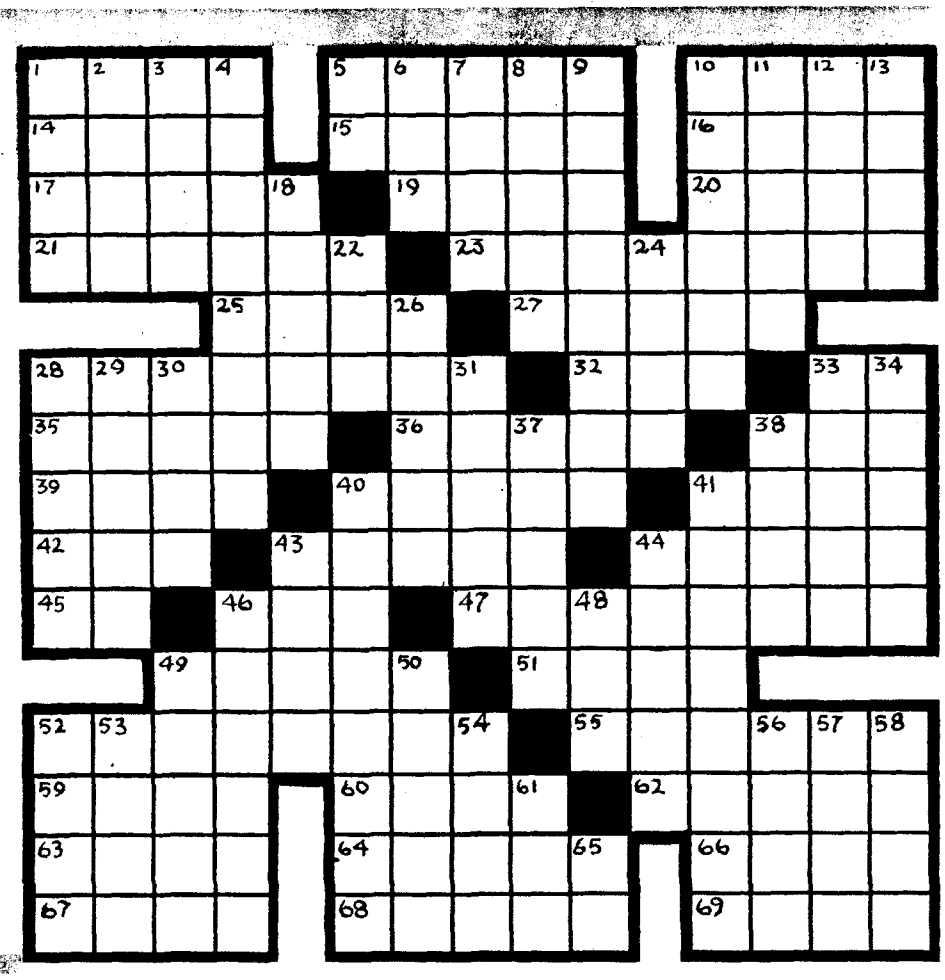
First tackle the Picture Puzzle below. Add or subtract the pictured objects as indicated. The result will be the name of a country in Asia. Fill this into 1 Down on the crossword puzzle, then solve the rest. *(Solution on Page 22)*

ACROSS

1. Lonesome land
5. Canteen cocktails
10. Conceited
14. Female deer (rare plural)
15. On a *car* it's *shipment*, on *a ship* it's ——
16. Daddy
17. Singing voices
19. The McCoy
20. Press agent
21. Cuddle with a chocolate bar
23. Getting broad
25. Order takers
27. Mixed-up alien
28. Decorating
32. Wriggly fish
33. Symbol for mustard gas
35. Hang-over from a spending spree
36. Civilian bugle
38. No soap ordinance
39. A smart guy
40. Snake's hang-out
41. Character in Othello
42. Wood, layer-cake style
43. Frock for frails
44. Fossilized resin
45. Technical sergeant (abbr.)
46. Beverage
47. Grounds for sentiment if you have a coid
49. Ownership mark on cattle
51. A fuss (two words)
52. Alone on a desert island
55. Dig out
59. Dry
60. Mickey Rooney's British Alma Mater
62. Swiped
63. First name of former —— heavyweight champ
64. Good luck before a 6, bad luck after
66. Woe is me
67. Prophet
68. At least they beat deuces
69. Loaned

DOWN

1. (Solve the picture puzzle)
2. This takes punishment on the march
3. Answer to "Shall we?"
4. Secret, private
5. State (abbr.)
6. Spare tire in a motorboat
7. Didn't stand pat
8. Anew
9. Army personnel
10. Pertaining to the backbone
11. Society's name for Mary
12. Atop
13. Group
18. Slope
22. ¾ of Ireland
24. Elementary (abbr.)
26. Trap
28. Make suitable
29. Small valleys
30. How to keep out of the guardhouse
31. Transparent sand
33. Famous golfer
34. Nasal horse laugh
37. Article of property
38. Familiar equivalent of Madam
40. Most magnificent
41. Undying
43. Dizzy; and a college supervisor
44. Assistants to superior
46. Swapper
48. Dogface's Operatic Fraternity (abbr.)
49. Ocean to you
50. Discourse
52. Buckles
53. Natural woodwork
54. Classy pigeon
56. Why actors never get hungry
57. Verve
58. Army Alpha
61. Executed Marshal of France



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POST X CHANGE

This Post Exchange [illegible] is wide [illegible] and stories is. The [illegible] The Army Weekly, 205 E. [illegible] 17, N.Y.

If your [illegible] you will [illegible] selection slip, they [illegible] mood.

LATE TO RETREAT

(After reading some poems by A. E. Housman)

These aches and cares that torment me,
How small beside eternity!
The eyes that looked through time with fate
No longer frown, 10 minutes late;
The mind that traveled far-flung space
Can disregard a yard-lost race.
Or so it almost seemed to me,
Immersed in grave philosophy,
Until I woke to sergeant's glare
And now potatoes sadly pare.

Fort Warren, Wyo. —Pvt. ROLAND A. WHITE

SIZES

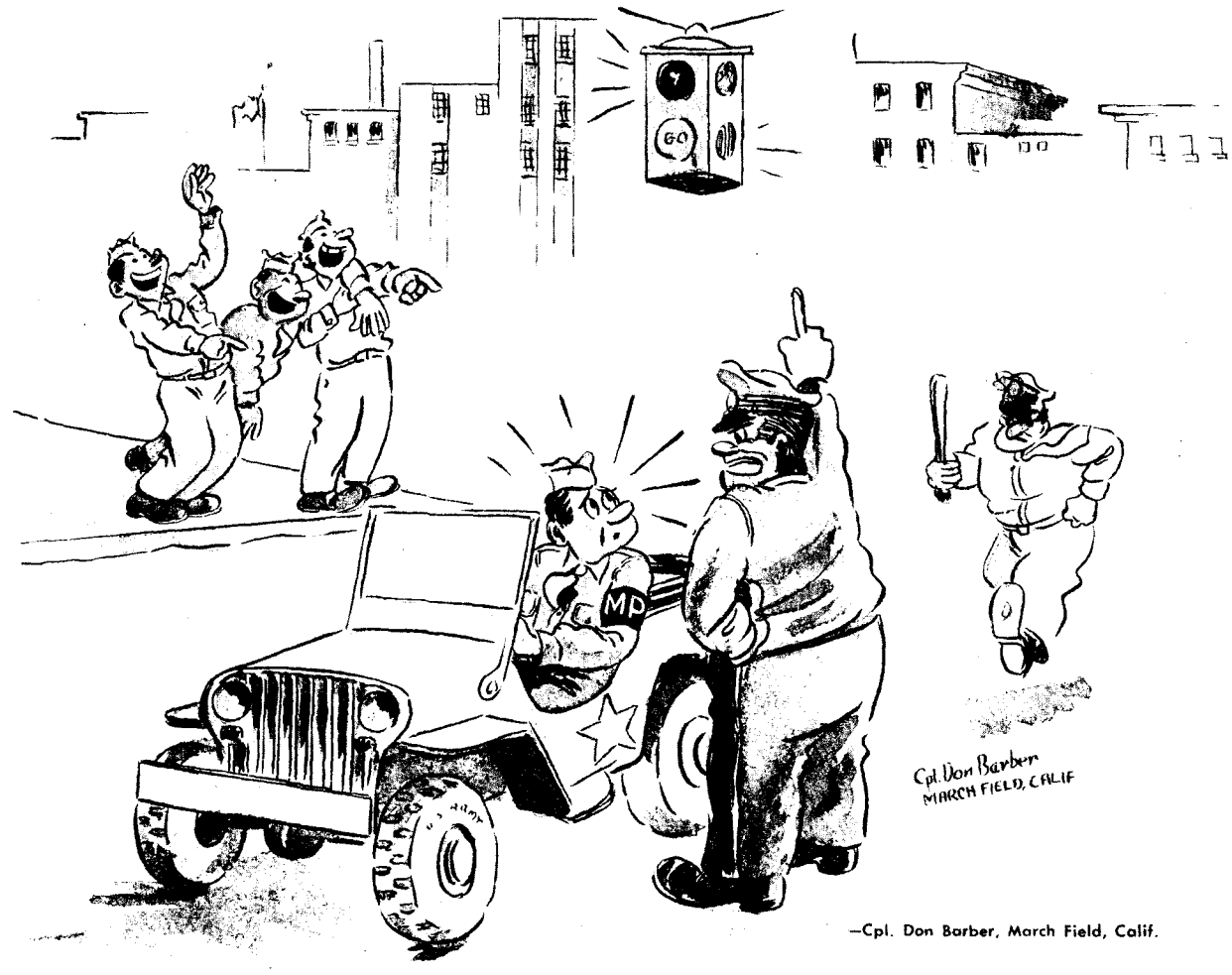
One sadly realizes
That the supply-room sarge
Deals only in two sizes:
Too little and too large.

Camp Shelby, Miss. —S/Sgt. A. L. CROUCH

PREVUE?

Go home and tell your mother
That I hate her very looks.
The only homelier I've seen
Have been in comic books;
But the thing that gripes me most is,
Every time she draws my eye,
I am dismally reminded
What you'll look like by and by.

AAB, Ephrata, Wash. —Sgt. WILLIAM R. CARTY



—Cpl. Don Barber, March Field, Calif.

South of the Border

You hear a lot about the Army being a great leveler. Maybe that explains what happened to Pvt. Cornelius Vanderloop.

The minute I land here—in fact I am just dumping my barracks bags on my bunk—when this guy Vanderloop starts being friendly. He is a tall, skinny jerk with horn-rimmed glasses and a studious look. He answers my questions about the camp and tells me I should see Mexico and that he is just the person to show it to me.

Back home I have seen many movies about Mexico with Cesar Romero and these black-haired dolls, and bullfights and dance joints with conga bands. I am very anxious to see all these things, so me and Vanderloop go over the border the next Sunday afternoon.

As soon as we hit the Mexican side there is a dozen cabbies there smiling and saying: "Taxi? See the girls, my fran'?"

I am beginning to think this Mexico may have possibilities.

We go into a restaurant and there is a little pick-up band playing Mexican songs on violins and bass fiddles and a thing like a banjo. There are bright tablecloths and pictures and I am thinking how much it all is like the movies I have seen, when two dolls sit down at the next table. They have black, shiny hair and big brown eyes, and are wearing tight black dresses. The waiter brings them drinks and they talk to each other in Mexican, meanwhile giving us the eye. But Vanderloop don't even look at them. Instead he is talking about the history of Mexico and the Spanish influence, and some guy named Pancho Villa.

My pal orders us a Mexican dinner. I look at the liquor list and I do not believe what I read: "ALL DRINKS 15 CENTS AMERICAN MONEY."

Pvt. Vanderloop is sorry I don't like the dinner, but he says he has something interesting planned for the afternoon. We are going to take a taxi and go somewhere.

We ride out into the country. It is all flat and sandy there and the people live in clay houses. We stop at an old church with walls that have bullet holes in them.

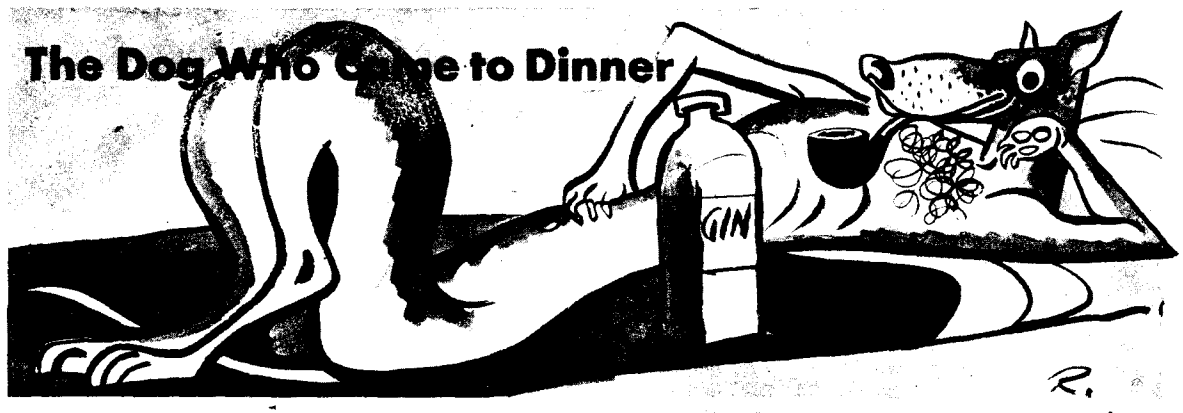
"I want you to see these priceless old bells," Vanderloop says. "They were made in 1569 and the Spaniards brought them all the way here by mule pack. And there's some of the most wonderful mahogany work in the ceiling beams and the altar."

I look at Pvt. Vanderloop and I don't see him. I just see red. I think of the drinks I am missing, the dolls in the shapes and most of all that red-hot dinner. I drag Cornelius back into the hack and tell the driver we want to get back to town.

That was three months ago, and me and Corny have been going over to Mexico regular ever since. He says he hadn't realized the other side of Mexican life could be so interesting.

Fort Bliss, Tex. —Pvt. FRANC LADNER

The Dog Who Came to Dinner



When the CO called me into his office the other morning, handed me a baggage tag and told me to pick up a crate at the express office, my soldier intuition warned me that trouble was brewing. The crate, explained the CO, contained a dog, and it had been sent by a patron of the squadron who was interested in the welfare of the squadron. The dog was to be the outfit's official mascot.

I hurried to the express office and to my surprise saw a crate big enough to contain a baby grand piano. There was a great deal of movement going on inside the crate, and on the outside a note was tacked which read: "My name is Ralph, what's yours?" I opened the crate and a huge great Dane jumped out, swept up and down the baggage room for a few minutes, knocking over whatever boxes and trunks and workers got in his way. Then he came up to me, put his forepaws on my shoulders and proceeded to lick my face with a tongue like a wet file. After that he gave a few short barks which seemed to say, "Well, what are we waiting for?" and jumped into the jeep.

He insisted on sitting between me and the driver, and all the way back into camp he would blow the horn, shift the gears and even step on the brakes, just to show how smart he was.

It was just my luck to be placed in charge of Ralph. I prepared an enormous box with soft bedding in the basement, but he refused point blank to sleep there. Every night he would run up the barracks stairs, roll me out of my bunk and then sleep there until noon the next day, which resulted in my getting gigged time and again. Then he'd stroll into the mess hall, drool over my shoulder and sniff at my food. Anything that appealed to him was his, and as a result I lost six pounds the first week he was in camp.

He had more unmitigated gall than anyone I've ever met. I arrived at the barracks one evening, dead tired from a 14-mile hike, to find him entertaining two female mutts from a nearby squadron. The pint of gin I had smuggled into camp and carefully hidden in my foot locker was almost empty, and there he sat, with my best pipe in his mouth, belching and having a helluva time.

Unable to control myself any longer, I complained to the CO. The CO listened to my pleas for a few minutes and then cut me short. "I'm afraid," he said coldly, "that you have no appreciation of your responsibilities in this matter. This gentle creature has endeared himself to all who know him. In fact I plan to appoint him the official sweetheart of Squadron D."

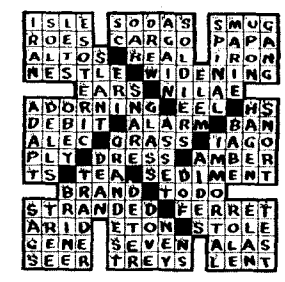
After that he not only bawled me out for negligence, but ordered me moved to the basement and gave my bunk and foot locker to the dog.

AAFTTC, Santa Monica, Calif. —S/Sgt. GORDON CROWE

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

DOUBLE PUZZLE. W plus TIRE plus ACE plus ANCHOR minus TEACHER minus COW = IRAN.

CHECKER STRATEGY. White pitches 11 to 8. Black must take 4 to 11. . . . White pitches 26 to 23. Black king must jump 19 to 26. . . . White pitches 18 to 15. Black must jump 11 to 18. . . . White jumps 14 to 23 to 30 to 21. . . . Now Black must throw back the extra checker, by either 13 to 17 or 29 to 25. In either case, White gets the move on the remaining Black checker and wins.



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SPORTS: NAVY CARRIES THE BALL IN THE SOUTH WHERE DUKE AND GEORGIA TECH WILL BE POWERS

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

DURING the recent meeting of the Southern Conference a certain representative from the Citadel (all right, we'll name him—Coach Don McAlister) was horror stricken because the league threw all the eligibility rules out the window. He roared that the conference was actually disbanding.

The conference wasn't disbanding. It was just catching up with itself.

As long as the oldest graduates can remember, the Southern Conference has been practicing high-pressure football with little respect for eligibility rules or anything else. The South always gave its football boys room, board, books and tuition as well as furnished them with part-time jobs which gave them spending money. What's more, nothing was ever done to hide the fact.

So why the explosion from the Citadel representative? That's easy.

He knew the action of the conference in discarding eligibility rules gave the green light to its only four members with Navy and Marine students—Duke, North Carolina, Richmond and South Carolina. They would be the big winners, while the 10 other members, stuck with Army trainees barred from athletic competition, would be forced to play 17-year-old neophytes and junior 4-Fs.

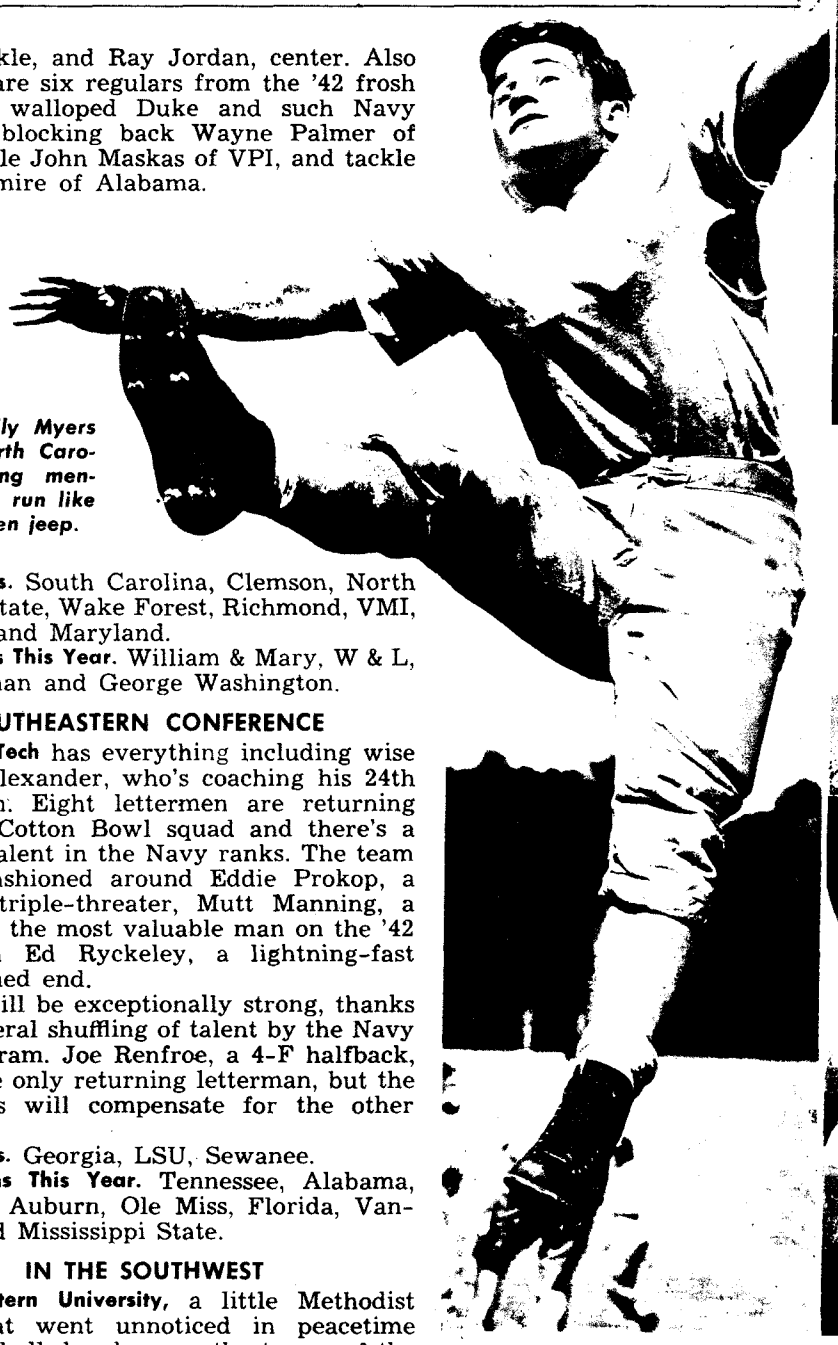
At least two schools, Wake Forest College and Davidson College, realized their hopeless condition and asked to be released from Duke's schedule. The others will have to do likewise or follow William & Mary, VPI and Furman to the sidelines for the duration.

Conference by conference, here's how football in the South shapes up:

SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

Duke will be the powerhouse of the conference and one of the strongest teams in the nation. Coach Eddie Cameron has most of last year's mastodonic talent back and his share of Navy and Marine huskies. Some of the Duke veterans—boys like fullback Leo Long, halfback Buddy Luper, guard Bob Nanni and end Bob Gantt—will be playing their fourth year of intercollegiate football as V-12s and can almost double as assistant coaches. Johnny Perry, a great running back who moved from Wake Forest, will be a holy terror running the old reverses Cameron learned from Wallace Wade.

North Carolina may be even better off than Duke. Coach Tom Young had nine lettermen from last year's team dumped back into his lap as V-12s. The veterans are Billy Myers, Shot Cox and Clay Croom, backs; Jack Hussey and Craven Turner, ends; Andy Karres and Ralph Strayhorn, guards; Meredith Jones, tackle, and Ray Jordan, center. Also available are six regulars from the '42 frosh club that walloped Duke and such Navy prizes as blocking back Wayne Palmer of SMU, tackle John Maskas of VPI, and tackle Don Whitmire of Alabama.



Tailback Billy Myers will be North Carolina's scoring menace. He can run like a wide-open jeep.

Howard (Red) Maley Southwestern U.

Tom Davis, Duke.

Eddie Prokop, Georgia Tech.

Also Rans. South Carolina, Clemson, North Carolina State, Wake Forest, Richmond, VMI, Davidson and Maryland.

No Teams This Year. William & Mary, W & L, VPI, Furman and George Washington.

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

Georgia Tech has everything including wise old Bill Alexander, who's coaching his 24th Tech team. Eight lettermen are returning from the Cotton Bowl squad and there's a bonus of talent in the Navy ranks. The team will be fashioned around Eddie Prokop, a powerful triple-threater, Mutt Manning, a center and the most valuable man on the '42 team, and Ed Ryckeley, a lightning-fast guard turned end.

Tulane will be exceptionally strong, thanks to the general shuffling of talent by the Navy V-12 program. Joe Renfroe, a 4-F halfback, will be the only returning letterman, but the Navy boys will compensate for the other losses.

Also Rans. Georgia, LSU, Sewanee.

No Teams This Year. Tennessee, Alabama, Kentucky, Auburn, Ole Miss, Florida, Vanderbilt and Mississippi State.

IN THE SOUTHWEST

Southwestern University, a little Methodist school that went unnoticed in peacetime Texas football, has become the terror of the Southwest. The Marines have freighted the finest talent in the Southwest to Coach Medley and he can't miss. Just look at this breath-taking array: From TCU—Hall, Ezell and Bond, backs, and Woodfin, center. From SMU—Maley and McMinn, backs; Martin and Halliday, ends; Dean, tackle, and Wright, guard. From Texas—Collins, Field and Matthews, backs; Watkins, tackle; Fischer and Procter, guards, and Sachse, center.

Texas is confident it can retain the conference title and it might at that. Coach Bible is equipped with Navy students, hold-over lettermen and the biggest batch of 17-year-olds in the cow country. Joe Parker, a giant pre-med end, is a sure-fire All-American.

Also Rans. TCU, Texas Tech, SMU, Texas A & M, Rice and Arkansas.

No Team This Year. Baylor.

Next Week: Midwest and West.

As you can see the National Tennis Championship at Forest Hills, N. Y., was virtually a GI affair, with these players (l. to r.): Lt. Elwood Cooke, Lt. Johnny Van Ryn, Cpl. Charles Hare, Pfc. Bitsy Grant, Seaman Jack Kramer and Pvt. Tom Falkenberg.

Sgt. Max Baer owes the Army classification office a debt of gratitude. They made him a boxing instructor in the Fourth Air Service Command, which is pretty good for a guy who never learned to box. . . . The MPs collared **Sgt. Joe Louis** the other day in Washington for wearing officer's shoulder loops on his shirt. . . . How's this for irony: **Chalky Wright,** the ex-featherweight champion, was yanked out of the Merchant Marine by his draft board because he enlisted without asking their permission. He was ordered to report for Army induction, then was rejected because he didn't have a bone in his nose. . . . The new heavyweight champion of Iran is a GI, **Jordan Davis,** who weighs only 170 pounds. He recently outpointed the defending champion, who is identified only as **Alexander.**

Ensign Greg Rice has already been dragged out of the water twice while trying to learn to swim at the Merchant Marine Academy. . . . **Lt. Comdr. Jim Crowley** has opened a Navy recreation center in the South Pacific known as Duffy's Tavern. On the same island Crowley has built boxing rings, eight baseball diamonds and a five-hole golf course. . . . Fort Devens, Mass., plans to have the only hockey team in the service this year. . . . The GIs on New Georgia Island are now carrying baseball bats on night guard duty. . . . Two more major leaguers, Cincinnati's **Bert Haas** and **Gene Hermanski** of the Dodgers, have marched off to war. **Johnny Vander Meer** was supposed to go with Haas, but the Army dropped its option on him because of a chronic intestinal inflammation. Hermanski, who joined the Dodgers unheralded and hit .295 in 17 games, is a Naval aviation cadet at Colgate. . . . **George Cafego** and **Ben Kish** have been given Army CDDs and returned to the football Dodgers.

During the War Bond baseball game in New York, **Cpl. Enos Slaughter** and **Lt. Johnny Beazley** were shooting the breeze with **Maj. Hank Gowdy.**

"You might as well ask Slaughter about his batting average and give him a chance to do some GI lying," Beazley said.

"Lying, sir?" Slaughter screamed. "Everybody in Texas knows I'm hitting .500."

"Approximately?" the lieutenant asked.

"Approximately on the nose. I've made 109 hits in 218 times at bat. Even a guy who's gone through OCS knows that's .500."

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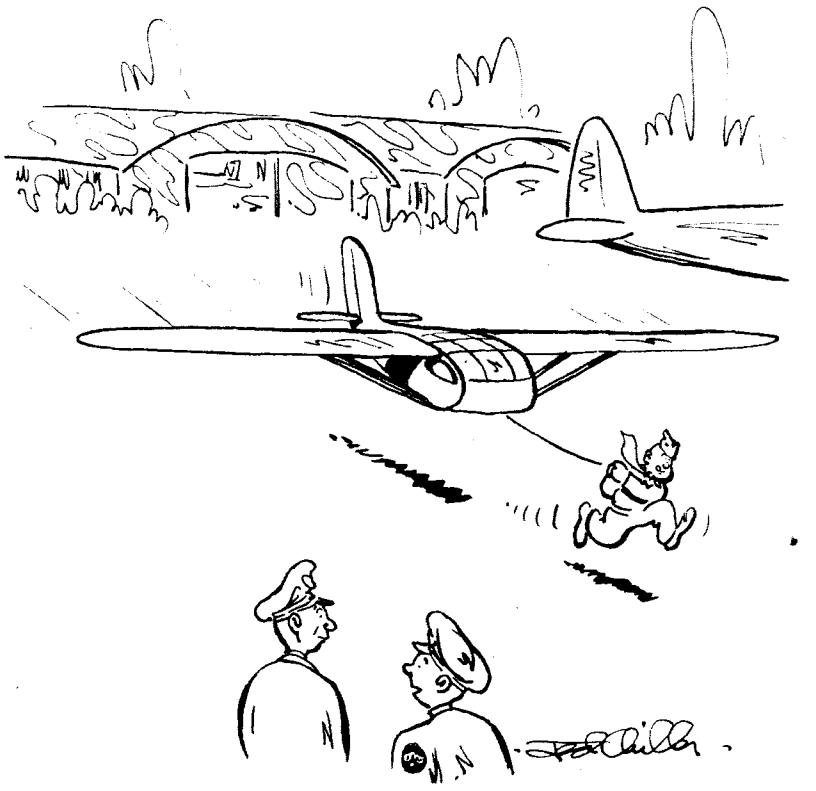
"HAVE YOU EVER SEEN ANYTHING AS DRAB AND DINGY AS HIS COTTONS?"
—Pvt. Tom Creem



"AND THEN HE SHINNIES UP THE CABLE."
—S/Sgt. Ted Miller

"THEY'RE AWFUL SMALL, SIR. SHALL I THROW 'EM BACK?"
—Pvt. Robert Bugg

"DAMMIT, THAT'S THE SECOND TIME THIS HAS HAPPENED!"
—Pfc. Tom Zibelli

"GOOD MORNING, UNITED STATES ARMY!"
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